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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.

VOLUME XLIII.—No. 399.  
Price Ten Cents.



BERNHARDT ON THE WAR PATH.

NOW THE GREAT FRENCH ACTRESS B'ROKE UP Mlle. COLOMBIER'S HOUSEKEEPING AND MADE THINGS LIVELIER THAN THEY GENERALLY ARE, EVEN IN THE LIVELIEST CITY OF THE WORLD.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, January 12, 1884.

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#### TO ADVERTISERS.

A great number of complaints from our readers having been made against parties not complying with the terms of their advertisements, we are determined to protect our readers from imposition, and will hereafter reserve the right to reject any advertisement until satisfied of its legitimate character.

RICHARD K. FOX,  
Publisher.

Dec. 19, 1883.

SEND your dime for \$28, the great supplement number of the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE Harlem police are preparing to grapple with an increase in crime. A Young Men's Christian Association building is to be erected there.

A BURGlar named Phyle has been sent to jail at Chappaqua. If he can only make practical use of his name now, the dungeon cell will not hold him long.

A NEW YORK drummer has been robbed in Connecticut. The only explanation one can find for this extraordinary fact is that he was a new hand at his business.

NEW YORK BAY has been full of seals for a week past. Yet New York is full of women who will never see a sealskin except on some other woman's back.

YELLOW JACK is paying his annual visit to the City of Panama. He is about the only visitor who ever returns to that place once he has been lucky enough to get away.

THEY have hung two men down in Texas because they happened to be acquainted with a man who had committed a burglary. Great State, Texas, to stay away from.

THERE has been a very extensive crop of fashionable weddings here lately. The usual collateral crop of fashionable divorces may be looked for by this time next year.

COUNTERFEIT thousand-dollar bills are said to be in circulation, and the editors and reporters of America are noticed to examine their money very closely on salary days.

THE Princeton students have been making public blackguards of themselves again. This time it happened at the Trenton Opera House. Go it, boys. Have all the fun you can while it lasts, for some day the decent men whose wives you insult will yank you around and kick the sense of your own worthlessness into you, which you are working so hard to acquire.

ANOTHER batch of English soldiers has been sent to Egypt to be slaughtered. No wonder the Queen mourns that John Brown isn't around any more to drive the ghosts away from the royal couch.

THE manager of the elevated railroads is apparently more concerned about the straps and seats on his trains, which some unknown miscreant is alleged to cut, than he is about the human beings his trains cut to pieces.

THE captain of the ship Northern Light, who disciplined his third mate by keeping him chained up in a packing-case for six weeks, has been found guilty. He has appealed his case, of course, but it is to be trusted that the wisdom of the jury which gave the verdict will be confirmed.

A BAVARIAN editor has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for urging in his journal that the King of Bavaria appear in public often. Another has been sent up for three for advising him to stay at home more. The crank monarch of the little beer kingdom is evidently hard to please.

WITH No. 322 we will publish the key to our great supplement plate of last week. With the key you can readily pick out the great pugilists and sports in the large engraving. Send for number 323, if you have not got it already, and get ready for 332. They belong together, and the babies will cry for them.

MISS LINDA GILBERT, the prisoners' friend, supplied all the prisoners with a Christmas treat of apples in Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn, Jefferson Market Prison, New York, and Hudson County Prison, Jersey City, and gave the Jersey prison an allowance of turkeys. Miss Gilbert comes in for a great deal of sarcasm on the part of the unregenerate press from time to time, but we don't see that any of her critics have equaled her in practical philanthropy yet.

THEODORE TILTON is in Paris devoting himself to literature. If he had devoted himself to Mrs. T—a little more some years ago, it would have been better for both of them and Brother Beecher, too. The troubles with Theodore is that he has all his life been devoting himself to Theodore Tilton, and like all men of that sort was bound to get left now and then. Selfishness may be a very comfortable vice, but it has its drawbacks. The worst is that these drawbacks involve other people as well as those they should fall upon.

It is no wonder the "respectable" people of his State don't like Ben Butler for Governor. He has just refused to pardon one of them out of State prison, on the ground that a thief who steals \$500,000 deserves to be punished quite as much as one who steals \$5. The crime of Hathaway, the Fall River embezzler, was absolutely without extenuation. So were those of Stickney and Chase. But the "respectable" Governor who preceded Gen. Butler pardoned Stickney out, and the next one will probably set Hathaway and Chase free.

THE charge that the POLICE GAZETTE is an obscene paper is commonly raised by the fanatics whose greatest bugbear is the free press of America. Until now we have given no attention to an accusation so groundless as to be beneath contempt. Now, once and for all time, we desire to invite those people who consider our paper an immoral one to come forward like men and point out our immorality. We claim it to be a newspaper. We publish news, as other papers, daily and weekly, do, and we illustrate it, only better and more fully than any other weekly on the continent does. If there is anything immoral in that we are willing to correct it. We are well aware that there are certain so-called papers here which make filth and vulgarity their chief claim to attention. Our critics have evidently confounded us with them.

THE *Figaro* of Paris states that the sale of the POLICE GAZETTE in that city exceeds that of all the other American illustrated papers together. It adds the complimentary truth that this is so because the POLICE GAZETTE illustrates more news and illustrates it better than any of its contemporaries. Our Parisian brother has evidently studied us. It is and ever has been our aim to give our patrons as much as we possibly could for their money. We never hesitate to throw out illustrations when more important ones offer, and thus frequently waste pictures enough in a week to make up other papers which pretend to give the news in pictorial form as we do. We hesitate at no expense to render our illustrations accurate and our descriptions authentic, and are constantly alert to the variety of events which offer for our use. A paper conducted on this principle cannot fail to attract attention anywhere in the world. Adherence to this principle makes the POLICE GAZETTE as interesting in Australia as it is in the United States.

THERE are a few more of the great supplement numbers on hand. The price is a dime, and the number of the paper 323. The key will be published in 332.

A GERMAN drug clerk committed suicide here because the girl he was in love with would not wait till she was an old woman for him to marry her. That girl is a fortunate as well as a wise one. Such husbands as that fellow would make ought all to commit suicide before they get married.

MARY ANDERSON denies the report that she is to be married to an English duke. So does the duke, only he denied it first. As no one believed the report, anyhow, these denials would be wasted if they did not serve to give our Mary the place in the newspapers she cares more for than she does for the Prince of Wales.

THE sea serpent having now become an old sensation, the sea alligator comes to the rescue of the summer resort liar. The first specimen of him was seen at Long Branch last week, at daybreak, by a man on his way home from a wake. It was the discoverer's good luck that he discovered the monster in the ocean and not in his boot.

EVERY now and then there is an attempt made to open the public museums and other like resorts of New York on Sunday. Each attempt brings the fanatics out in force, and the matter soon dies down, leaving the question unsettled. It is astonishing how submissively the people of a great city will submit to being governed by a small and selfish minority. But they do submit. Because a few thousand men who can make every day a holiday if they choose say so. Sunday is not a holiday for the public. Because this few thousand men are superstitious or hypocritical enough to devote one day in seven to doing what they like or find it profitable to do, the rest of the people of New York city must be forbidden the indulgence of any personal liberty. It is no wonder foreigners laugh at us and call us, in contempt, the best-natured people in the world.

WE have been informed that an officer of the U. S. S. Lancaster, now on the Mediterranean station, has made it a practice to seize the POLICE GAZETTES which are received on that vessel by members of the crew. This is not the first time that such an arbitrary act on the part of a naval officer has been reported, and we beg to call the attention of the Navy Department to it. The POLICE GAZETTE is sent by mail to enlisted men in the service of the United States. They pay for it, and it is their right to receive it. Their officers have no more right to deprive them of it than they would have to deprive them of their letters from home. Hereafter we shall publish the name of every petty tyrant who arrogates this unlawful power to himself, as well as take such legal steps as are in our power to end his tyranny.

#### READY FOR THE SACRIFICE.

We recently published a paragraph relating to the existence in Chicago of a young lady with half a million dollars and a wooden leg, who wanted a husband with a similar deficiency of understanding, probably on the ground that such a half would be no better than she was. The following gems of correspondence have since reached us on the subject, and as we ourselves are not aware of the lady's address, we publish them for her to make a selection from. She can obtain the names and addresses at this office.

RICHARD K. FOX

BANGOR Dec 21 83

Sir I saw an advertisement in your GAZETTE from a Lady of Chicago for a young man with similarly ligneous understanding to marry her. I take the pleasure of answering this advertisement. You will please inform the Lady that you had an answer, and I will wait for further correspondence.

Yours Truly

JERSEY CITY

Dec 13 83

RICHARD K. FOX

Dear Sir I have been a constant reader of GAZETTE for 18 months and ask you to forward the enclosed letter to the young Lady who advertised for a young man who had only one leg to marry her I saw your humorous item in regard to it and hope you will do me the favor I mean the Chicago girl with \$500,000 cash

By complying with above request you will confer a great favor on a

CONSTANT READER

Dec 21st 1883

ABILENE KAN

NAT POLICE GAZETTE N Y

Gents Will you please give me the address of that lady that lives in Chicago that has the wooden leg and wants a partial wooden husband by doing so you will oblige me very much

I am Yours Truly

I am a reader of your papers.

DENVER, COL., Dec. 22, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Editor POLICE GAZETTE, N. Y.:

I saw a piece in a late issue of YOUR GAZETTE alluding to a Chicago woman with a wooden leg and \$500,000 advertising for a husband in the same condition bodily. Will you please give me her name and address in your next issue? As I am young, poor and crippled, still I think I may fill the bill.

Yours.

#### SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit  
Culled from Many Sources.

BILL-COLLECTING is easier said than "dun."

WHY is a great bore like a bee? Both appear best when leaving.

IN Chicago, pawnbrokers' windows are called "loan exhibitions." There is still a great rush for tickets.

OSCAR WILDE has written an ode to the sun. That is the reason the sun has been blushing so much recently.

INQUIRING employer: "Are the young man's habits regular?" "Well, yes; he gets drunk about every night."

"WISELY improve the present" is good advice," said the newly-married man, as he sold a duplicate wedding-gift.

THE difference between advertising and advertiser is, the former always pays while the latter sometimes does not.

"I'm down to bed rock," said a Pittsburg hus band, as he swayed the cradle containing his howling son and heir.—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

"No sir, my daughter can never be yours." "I don't want her to be my daughter!" broke in the young ardent. "I want her to be my wife."

ONE of New York's richest merchants employs a clergyman to look after the charities he bestows. It is a little curious that he does not employ a detective.

THE Washington milkmen are not allowed to ring bells, as they disturb the slumbers of the policemen. They might be allowed to use dumb-bells.—*Savannah News*.

HE blew into his gun to see

If loading up it needed;

The jury to a man agree

The gun blew after he did.

"I AM going to plant my foot down," said the lady of the house, in wrathful tones. "What yer going to raise, corns?" interrogated the man of the house from behind his paper.

"YOU see," said Blooms to his sweetheart, in describing how he stepped on a lady's train and tore it, "I lost my h-head, you know!" "Did you miss it much?" she cruelly queried.

THIRTY thousand children live on canal boats in England. It is probably a special arrangement of Providence that there should be drowning conveniences where there are so many youngsters.

THERE is a Jewish penman in Vienna who writes 400 Hebrew letters on one grain of wheat. The American young man who writes on a postal-card may now pass his Christmas in kicking himself.

DISRAELI said a short time before his death. "You cannot convert 15,000 tons into 20,000 tons." This will cause ice-dealers to smile until the corners of their mouths get all tangled up on the back of their necks.

"Is Mr. McJespup at home?" inquired a man of a servant who answered the bell. "Ah! sir," replied the maid, "he is dead and was buried day before yesterday." "Dead, is he—er—well, then, I won't disturb him."

SEVEN bulls were killed the other day at Madrid for the amusement of the German crown prince. A Wall street man intimates that Spain has some characteristics which New York might find profitable to imitate.

"OH, no, I don't object to the quality of your butter," said the customer to the grocer. "It is not that, but my wife complains that there isn't enough hair in it to make a respectable switch, but a good deal too much to make it palatable."

THE newspaper foreman got a marriage notice among a lot of items headed, "Horror of 1883," and the *Norristown Herald* says: "When the editor learned that the groom's income was only \$7 a week, he said it had better remain under that head."

"HAVE you a soul for poetry?" asked a wild-eyed man, as he entered the editor's office and threw down a roll of manuscript. "Well, I don't know about that," replied the editor, glancing at the bottom of his liberally-proportioned boot; "but I have a sole for poets." The poet didn't stay long after that.

"OH, I am real glad to see you Cicely, dear. I'm puzzled to know what to give Charles for a Christmas present." "Has he proposed yet?" "Why, no! What's that to do with a Christmas present?" "Oh, nothing. Only I'm having a plaster cast of my hand made for George. Perhaps he will take a hint, you know."

A SCIENTIST says the reason kissing is so pleasant is because the teeth, jaw-bones and lips are full of nerves, and when the lips meet, an electric current is generated. We were aware that it took considerable nerve to kiss a pretty girl the first time, but now we understand why so many fellows succeed in doing it.

"JENNIE," said a man at a courtland hotel, "what is this?" and he held up an object at the end of his fork. "That is a buckwheat cake, sir." "Oh, it is, eh? I didn't know but it was a new kind of postage-stamp, or an old-fashioned letter wafer. Do you use a three-cent piece for a griddle and bake a dozen at a time?"

A TEACHER asked a bright little girl the other day what country was opposite to us on the globe. "I don't know, sir," was the reply. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil in triumph.

"THAT was a very swell affair down at Mrs. Fussenfeather's last night, I understand," said Yeast to young Crimsonbeak when they met on the corner the other morning. "Swell!" shouted Crimsonbeak, putting his hand to his head to adjust the towel he had wrapped about it, "well, if you had my head this morning, I guess you'd think so."

"WHAT plaguey fools some people are!" exclaimed Mrs. Gruff, as she read the title of the tract which had just been left at the door. "Why Will You Die?" "Now, isn't that sense! Why will I die? Because I can't help it, simpleton," and Mrs. Gruff threw the literary conundrum into the kindling-box.



## STAGE WHISPERS.

## How the Drama's Soiled Doves and Dirty Boys Thrive.

## Great Schemes and Little Tricks—How They Work, Who Work Them, and What they Amount to.

TEMPLETON.—Fay Templeton has got a new opera. As things go, this is vastly more surprising than if she had a new husband.

LANGTRY.—Mrs. Langtry is going to produce a new play in New York shortly. It is by B. C. Stephenson, better known as Bolton Rowe.

MINER.—The indefatigable Harry Miner is to build a theatre in Baltimore. Although a Miner, he will soon control a majority of places of amusement.

ROONEY.—Pat Rooney is suing a diamond broker for "hooking" a pair of \$175 diamonds. Pat, like Gen. Paresis Davis, is a perfect gem un, nowadays.

"Hix's Fix."—There is a vague rumor that Mestayer & Barton have quarreled, and that their new comedy is done before being begun. Poor "Hix's Fix."

SEYMOUR.—Willie Seymour is now the happy father of a girl baby. They say that Willie is hereafter to be known as William—out of regard for his parental dignity.

ARNOTT.—Edward Arnott is on the high-road to recovery, and has registered a deep and resolute vow never to look upon the wine again when it is red or any other color.

BARNES.—Elliott Barnes hasn't recovered yet from the delicate attentions of Jim Collier. Nor does he throw out any indications of taking the latter's name in vain any more.

FAILURE.—John Stetson having thoroughly satisfied himself that "The Glass of Fashion" is an utter failure, will soon produce it at the Fifth Avenue theatre. It is a way he has.

ABBEY.—Abbey is running a double "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. One would have supposed the poor fellow had enough to attend to in his Metropolitan Opera House elephant.

DEATHS.—Three more "prominent" actors have died during the week—two of typhoid fever. Your true "professional" takes his typhoid in a glass—generally in four-finger doses.

WINTER.—Percy Winter, the son of the critic of the *Tribune*, who is at present with Barrett's company, is said to be an athlete. He certainly manages to throw every part he wrestles with.

SWEET.—George Sweet, the magnificent barytone, late of the Duff Company, has once more given up comic opera and settled in Chicago as a music teacher. George's head is pretty level.

O'REILLY.—Miss Martha O'Reilly (Bertha Welby) is still heroically producing "Oliver Twist" round the country with the very worst company ever seen even by the hapless residents of a one-night stand.

SALVINI.—He's coming, as we predicted he would, to make one more "farewell" tour of the country. It is astonishing the grip the American dollar has on the memory and interest of the intelligent foreigner.

DAVENTPORT.—The *Clipper*, with its usual gift of blundering, says that E. L. Davenport was Fanny's stepfather. What, then, was the name of Fanny's actual progenitor? A breathless universe would like to know.

PRESCOTT.—Marie Prescott seems to be catching on with "Czeka" under her husband's management. She pronounces the statement that she is going to revive "Vers" in the spring, a deliberate and willful calumny.

DAVENTPORT.—Fanny Davenport has been molded in wax for the new Eden show on Twenty-third street. She evidently doesn't intend to keep her candle under a bushel because she appears in a play that isn't exactly wiped.

SPENCER.—Lillian Spencer is fast recovering her senses. Her friends attribute it to the fact that her husband, Clayburgh, has taken up his residence once more in New York, while she remains at her home in Pittsburgh. Very likely.

MACK.—Poor Mack, who used to be the partner of John F. Sheridan, is now a professional and constitutional inebriate. His ex-associate makes about \$400 a week in England, where he is still playing the *Widow O'Brien* in "Fun on the Bristol."

COGHAN.—Charles Coghlan has evidently taken back all the hard things he said about his sister Rose. She has been visiting him in Boston, and made him a present of a speaking likeness of herself, made by Jose Manuel More, the photographer.

THEO.—Theo has signed a new contract with Maurice Gran, and is to make another American tour under his management. Her tailor-husband will again accompany her, and is particularly anxious to know whether the "dude" crop still holds out.

MESTAYER.—Bill Mestayer is dropping on "Hix's Fix" all the money he made out of that other mass of rubbish, "The Tourists." The mills of the gods grind slowly, but, oh! gracious how they do pulverize you when they get fairly to work.

LANGTRY.—Somebody was mean enough to throw a real material stone at Mrs. Langtry in Pittsburgh. She didn't mind it, however, having been accustomed to any quantity of metaphorical rocks from the virtuous women of New York society.

COVILLE.—Sam Coville says that the "Pavement of Paris" has made the biggest hit ever achieved by a melodrama in New York. Ed. Gilmore says it hasn't. John F. Poole won't express an opinion either way. The chances are that all three are correct.

HAZEL KIRKE.—The Mallorys are so enchanted to find that in Philadelphia they look upon "Pinafore" as a new opera, that they are going to get up a special Hazel Kirke Company for the Quaker City and produce that time-honored comedy all the year round as a novelty.

HILL.—J. M. Hill, the austere but sagacious manager of Margaret Mather, etc., etc., has bought the lease of Wable's Opera House in Buffalo, and is going, so they say, to settle down there for good and all—a statement to be taken with the biggest variety of copper extant.

HAVERLY.—Haverly seems to have made an actual hit with his Lyceum speculation in Philadelphia. Men who six months ago denounced him as a reckless and insolvent rascal, now declare that after all "the Napoleon of managers is going to come out bigger than ever."

MAPLESON.—Harry Mapleson, the indefatigable husband and advertising agent of Marie Roze, has been appointed Major of the Fourth Royal Lancashire Volunteer Artillery. Henry is a great bore himself, and his appointment strikes those who know him as being singularly appropriate.

FLORENCE.—The Florences and their new play, "His Little Hatchet," are catching it hot and heavy out West. The newspapers have suddenly discovered that Mrs. F— can't act, and that intelligent men don't care about paying \$1.50 a piece for the privilege of seeing her wardrobe.

O'NEIL.—Jim O'Neill's head has been completely turned by his success in "Monte Cristo." So says somebody who obviously doesn't like the handsome Jimmy. As a matter of fact, Jim's head is by no means the most important or the most valuable part of him. So it doesn't matter much.

DICKINSON.—Anna Dickinson, having dropped a fortune on the stage, is to have another shot at lecturing. She is to speak in opposition to Monsignor Capel. Inasmuch as hardly anybody goes to hear the monsignor, to start with, it is not easy to see how Anna can make her opposition pay.

BARNES.—Elliott Barnes has completely recovered and says his "Summer Boarders" is "the funniest thing now upon the American stage." The mere audacity of this statement proves that Elliott Barnes has been restored to his normal strength and can fib just as well now as he ever did.

MASHER.—The word "masher," which is now all the rage in London, is an American expression by right of previous invention. And yet, with the usual cheek of the Briton, an English comic singer has just arrived here to introduce, in a song, the type of character which we originated fifteen years ago!

PROCTOR.—Even the old have their vanities. Joe Proctor is raising ballyhoo with the Boston papers for saying that he is seventy years of age. Joseph indignantly protests that he is only sixty-seven—not very much difference, as it would appear, to anybody else, but quite enough to make Joe get his back up.

RICE.—Now that Ed. Rice has had a fire added to his other calamities, he feels jollier than ever. Ed. is the Mark Tapley of managers. A cynical scoundrel says that Rice only loses other people's money, and therefore naturally feels more and more delighted every time he makes a "smash" because it isn't his own.

DOLARO.—Sheridan Shook, who devotes all his spare time to reading plays, and who has become a great literary authority in consequence, says that the humor of Dolaro's comedy is not chaste enough. Shed is studying types of character in the Fourteenth street beer gardens, in order to write a play of his own.

LEE.—Mr. Harris Lee-Rosenzweig has had a quarrel with the gifted Frohman family, and is going to leave the Strangers of Paris Company. The young man seems to be suffering from the same complaint which affects Richard Mansfield, Esq. It is easily cured, thank goodness, by a course of one-night stands.

MANTELL.—It turns out that Mantell, the young actor who has made the real hit in "Fedora," is not an Irishman after all. He was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, of an English father and a Scotch mother, and was educated in Belfast, where his father is a tavern-keeper. His full name is Robert Bruce Mantell.

DE MILLE.—It is a suggestive comment on the whole "play-reading" system, that the greatest fizzle ever known, even at the Madison Square—that home of *fiasco*—was written by the young man whose business it is to decide the fate of other peoples' plays. De Millennial performance of De Mille's comedy will never take place.

ABBEY.—Henry Abbey who, a few years ago, sold watches in Akron, Ohio, was lately elected a member of the St. Botolph Club in Boston. This is the swellest club on the American continent, and by its election of him promotes Mr. Vanderbilt's manager to the very front rank in "society." Abbey seems to be booming just now.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell is to get \$5,000 a week next time she sings in London. At least, Teddy Solomon says so, and Teddy, as every one knows, would die sooner than emit a falsehood. Other and less truthful people declare that Lillian's name will go on the salary list of the Savoy for £25 a week—which is quite different.

SHERIDAN.—William E. Sheridan, who is incomparably the best melodramatic actor on the American stage, was roasted by the *Herold* because he is an Irish-American instead of an imported Cockney. If he dropped his h's and came from a Liverpool side-show, he would be regarded as a great artist by the "critic" of the *Herold*.

GOODWIN.—Nat Goodwin is in town, and says that his new play by the author of the "Guvnor" is the best thing he ever read, and is bound to be a winner. Nat, by the way, who is boyish and slender, would make an immense hit as a dude in a good, brisk farce. All the Weathersby girls are now arrayed under his colors, by the way.

CAYVAN.—Miss Bridget Cavanagh alias Georgia Cayvan, was heavily billed in Baltimore as a star Hazel Kirke. Instead of appearing, however, she did the Sarah Jewett act and was taken "ill." The audiences were so delighted with her substitute, Miss Maude Osborne, that with one voice they expressed their thanks and delight.

JENNINGS.—John W. Jennings, an ingenious exchange states, is a character comedian, and makes a hit in every part he plays. John W. Jennings is, likewise, an American. Furthermore, John W. Jennings is a very modest and diffident man. That is why John W. Jennings isn't a star, and that is exactly why, with a copper, Richard Mansfield is.

SPENCER.—Lillian Spencer's divorce suit seems to be a real thing after all. Her husband, the unfortunate Clayburgh, a slender child of Israel, who used to be in the piano trade, acknowledges, with tears in his eyes, that it is too true. (?) He says that he loves his wife too much to contest the suit—and yet Clayburgh don't sound like an Irish name.

DON.—Laura Don seems to be regarded as a pretty tart *Mrs. Winthrop* by the rural press. By the way, when Laura appeared in the part in Troy, last week, her third or fourth husband—it is immaterial which—a photographer named Fox, applauded her rapturously. He is quite low down on the list, however, and has about six successors over him.

WILLETS.—"Miss Mittens Willets has inherited \$75,000 from her uncle, Sir Guy Willets, an English baronet, and has left the stage in consequence." Miss Mittens Willets hastens to explain that (1) she hasn't got an uncle Sir Guy Willets; (2) she hasn't inherited \$75,000 from anybody; (3) she hasn't left the stage. There seems to be a mistake somewhere.

TERRY.—Ellen Terry has taken all the honors from Irving in Boston. She is built after the highest ideal of feminine beauty entertained in the Hub, and they pronounce her length and lankness as good as if they were really bean-fed. If she would only wear eyeglasses she would be the dead image of a she-Bostonese with "views," that's why she is so popular in Boston.

ROSENFELD.—Sydney Rosenfeld has married Miss Eugene Holtzmeier, and beams with corresponding satisfaction. Sydney is a bright, amiable and warm-hearted fellow, against whom only two things can be alleged—his volubility, and the length of his legs. Married life will soon abbreviate the first and, as for the second, Sydney's head is all right, which makes amends for the redundancy of his extremities.

STATISTICS.—An ingenious German statistician has made a list of the marriages during the last twenty years of actresses with royal and noble personages, and the conclusion which he draws from his statistics is that an actress has one chance in 846 of marrying a Prince of royal blood, in 512 of marrying a Duke, in 405 of marrying a Prince, in 200 of a Count, and the very fair chance of one in 170 of wedding a mere Baron.

DONNELLY.—John T. Donnelly, the genial and cordially-esteemed Philadelphia manager who died recently, left his family quite poor. Sam Colville, who is generally supposed to be a gruff, unkind person, sent them \$250. Henry Abbey, who is a swell, enjoys the reputation of being the soul of generosity, and has Wm. H. Vanderbilt for a backer, sent \$50. Perhaps Abbey has an eye on the future of his own family.

SOLD.—A couple of Troy dudes, who had become infatuated with Lina Merville, of the "Sparks" Company, invited her and some other ladies of the company to dine with them during their stay in the city. They ordered the feast, but, instead of the ladies, some of the men of the company dropped in upon them, and after offering an apology for the absence of the ladies sat down and devoured the dinner. It is needless to state that the Trojans were knocked out.

WARTEGG.—Minnie Hauk's husband, the Chevalier Wartegg, has broken out in a new place. He is trying to rival Jimmy Morrissey as an advertising agent. Here is his last: "On the tenth anniversary of Minnie Hauk's appointment as court-singer to the Emperor of Germany, Dec. 8, she, while in Peoria, Ill., received an official communication from Baron Haeling, Superintendent-General of the Imperial theatre in Berlin, informing her that the Emperor had conferred upon her his portrait as a token of special favor."

KIDDER.—Everybody who knows Ed. Kidder, of the People's theatre, will be delighted to hear that his "Three of a Kind" is pronounced, by long odds, the best comedy ever played by the Salisbury Troubadours. Kidder, who is a gentleman by birth and education and a fellow of rare wit, was sensible enough to apprentice himself to the profession at its lowest round. His patience, industry and good humor are at last crowned with great success—but not more than he deserves. The Campbells and Gunters and Glills are at last threatened by a real dramatist.

FUNNY.—The various "departments" of the dramatic "art" are enough to bewilder a fellow. How is this advertisement as an example of the variety of the "profession" to which Edwin Booth, Henry Irving and Pat Rooney all belong? "Sig. Giacomo Galetti, the European bird monarch, has duly copyrighted his drama for birds entitled 'Revolution; or, the Saving of the Princess by the Brave Firemen,' including in the act burial, marching, national flag display, marriage and church scenes, and hand-car ride, prayer scene, etc."

MONTAGUE.—A few weeks ago the POLICE GAZETTE announced that Paul Allen, the divorced husband of Louise Montague, Forepaugh's \$10,000 beauty, was turning his matrimonial misadventures into an "act." This is how he does it: Turning to the leader of the orchestra, he says: "Play me something that will remind me of my wife." The orchestra strikes up "We never speak as we pass by," and, striking an attitude, Allen exclaims, in a high-pitched voice: "Oh, my Louise, I see you in the clouds." Exquisite taste, eh?

LEVICK.—Henri Laurent, the tenor, married a very pretty, simple Scotchwoman, whom he deserted for Alice Oates. For some time the abandoned wife clung desperately to the hope that he would return to her. But he didn't. Then she "look up," as the phrase goes, with Gus Levick. The child of that union was buried by the Actors' Fund, although Mr. Levick never accepts a smaller salary than \$125 a week. It is understood, in his behalf, that being of a moral and religious character, Mr. Levick declined to pay the funeral expenses of his child because it was not born in lawful Christian wedlock. The sentiment does him credit.

VILLAINOUS.—Alexander Henderson, the husband of Lydia Thompson, has gained the novel suit brought against him by Elfreda for a share of the profit from the rental of the Comedy theatre. Elfreda stated in court that Henderson betrayed her when she was sixteen years of age; that they lived together as man and wife for several years; that she nursed him through a dangerous illness; and that she received from him in consideration a deed of moiety rental of the theatre. The defense was that the consideration given for the deed was immoral. This view prevailed with the Court. Elfreda, who is now a nun, is a niece of the late E. A. Sothern and a cousin of Lytton and Eva.

## THE SOCIETY REPORTER.

## He Investigates the Genealogies of Some of Our First Families.

The Society Reporter of the POLICE GAZETTE has been in low spirits lately in consequence of the fact that he has been twice cut, in public, by members of the Vanderbilt family. Up to the time of the last ball there was no limit to the cordiality and enthusiasm with which he was treated by that aristocratic race. In proof thereof, let it be cited that he actually received three sets of tickets and a special note, not particularly well spelled, from William H. Vanderbilt himself, urging him on no account to be absent.

The festivities, however, which marked the second marriage of the mother-in-law of the Society Reporter, unhappily prevented him from attending the minor jubilee at the Maison Vanderbilt. Ever since, the Vanderbilts have given him the cold shoulder wherever they meet him in fashionable circles, and pretend not to know him.

Of course the key to their conduct is the fact that they consider that he alighted the family by not lending the grace of his presence to their crowning entertainment. They naturally expected and desired to see everybody of real social importance ranged on their side, and that the POLICE GAZETTE should have been unrepresented filled them with what, under the circumstances, was excusable indignation.

Feeling a little blue to be snubbed by the Vanderbilts, and a little sorry that they should believe he had snubbed them, the Society Reporter was musing over the vanity of fashionable life in his sumptuous studio, when he was informed that a deputation of gentlemen representing the first families of the Fourth ward respectfully asked for the privilege of an interview.

They were six in number, and were respectively introduced by Mr. "Tip" Mullarkey, the chairman of the delegation, as Mr. "Wag" Hanks, Mr. Jake Schnabel, Hon. Pat. McGuire, Hon. Israel Laomski, Signor Antonio Copragino and Mr. Pete Handisides, the latter being a gentleman of color.

"Say," began Mr. Mullarkey, affably, "we're de representatives of de first families in de Fourth ward, young feller, and make no mistake. Dere's all kinds o' fellers here. Hanks he's English, and Lewinski he's a Sheeney, and des yer tellers are Eysallians. Say, in de *World* paper de oder day dere was some pictures o' crests and coats-o'-arms and tings dat's worn by de first families up town, and in de Fourth ward dey feel dat dose blokes up town don't have de exclusive right to dem sort of tings. What we want in de Fourth ward's a square divvy—that's so, by gee! We's got ter have de same sort of tings, and say, young feller, we want you ter fix us up a lot of tings like dem for de hull gang in de Fourth ward, an' youkin bet yer life we'll do 'em credit. Say—that's all!"

Mr. Hanks was the next speaker. He tugged his forelock and said:

"Moi friend 'ere, Tip, 'as spoke right straight to de point, mate. There aren't a cove 'ere as aren't in 'opes of becomin', some day, de father of a American baristocrat. Hour friend, Mr. Mullarkey, e's a bloody politician, and if 'e lever as a hoffsprig that hoffsprig 'll be a senator or somethink. I 'ooks doormats and de like for a livink, an' my son 'll naturally be a railroad president. Hour Heyetalian friend, e's a scavenger, and when e's got a son that son 'll be a broker hor a heditor, hor bust 'issell in de bloomin' effort. Now, what we want to save hour hoffsprig, mate, is de trouble and exercise o' gettin' hup their hown crestesses and coats of arms. De holder a crest his, or a coat of arms his, de more 'ighly de bloody thing's respected and de more it counts in society. De great trouble with these 'ere blasted coves Wanderbilt and Grace and de others, is dat they 'ave 'ad to invent their hown crestesses and coats of arms, which, in course, don't make them art as desirable as they would 'a been if they 'ad been a 'ole generation, say, holder. So we haxes you, gov'nor, to invent a lot of crestesses and de like for us. so's we can 'and 'em down to hour bloody hoffsprig in a 'ighly hantique and baristocratic manner, with a bleeding blue mold on 'em, has it were."

"Dot was shoost mein own sendimends," said Mr. Schnabel. "Mr. Wanderbilt's fader used a hodel to geep, only he was not man enough to sell peer, bud only clder unt doughnuts, unt dose tings dot make you der stomach to ache. I keep me mein goot first-glass saloon, unt der peer is der pest, unt der vree lunch is pully. I tink mein shildren dey have shoost so goot a right as Wanderbilt's shildren, dose goats von arms and tings to wear on der garriages, unt umbrellas unt elsewhere. I want me mein own great on mein steins and schooners, unt mein bung-starder. I want me mein own great everywhere, I feels like puddink him—shoost like Wanderbilt unt Astor."

"Yis, sor," interposed Mr. McGuire. "The ginty av the Fourth ward fole, sor, that this is an opporchunty to assert de social praiminence of dat flement as de population of New York, sir. In a department av de kinyewntly, sor, where ivery gintleman is de-scended in a direct, shiraight loine, on his fawther's and his mother's side aqual, from a king of Oifland, sor, we feel dat it is ighly toime our own roights, sor, to armorial bearings was recognized and respected, be gorry."

"Your idea," said the S. R., "is a good one. If your children inherit their crests instead of having to invent them, society cannot laugh or sneer. Every man should leave his children a coat of arms if he can't leave them anything else. It costs nothing, it goes a long way, and it is always high-toned in America. I shall be happy to provide the residents of the Fourth Ward with armorial bearings. They shall be neat and appropriate. Mr. Mullarkey, for instance, as a fighting politician shall have a human ear, rouge on a field, or a gin-mill rampant, two policemen for supporters, and the motto *Ego ruin ibi omne tempus*—I'm there every time! Signor Copragini is entitled to a mud-scow, couchant on a field argent—a rake, shovel and wheelbarrow proper, and for motto, 'Law and Order.' For Mr. Hanks, a hand proper inserted in a pocket vert on a field, or with a bend sinister engrailed with a pair of handcuffs. Motto: *Per fas aut per nefas*—By hook or by crook. If you will kindly furnish me with your names and occupations, I shall be only too happy to see that the Fourth ward is duly represented in this great and admirable social movement. The lowest resident of Crosby street is just as much entitled to the honors and privileges of the *Herold's* college as the richest houseowner of Murray Hill, and it is just as easy to provide the former with coats of arms as it is the latter."

The delegation cordially thanked the Society Reporter, and withdrew.





BARON VON STERNBERGER,

THE GERMAN NOBLEMAN WHOM DISAPPOINTED LOVE DROVE TO SUICIDE IN NEW YORK CITY.

memorable has led to an abuse of the old-time cordiality, and the day has come to be one to be remembered the day after by swollen heads and disordered stomachs. We this week preach a sermon on the subject by the pencil of the artist and the graver of the engraver. The subject illustrated is the last call of a couple of rollicking men about town who had become so befogged by numerous visits to all sorts of places, from gorgeous bars to palatial residences, that they mistook the house of a Fifth avenue millionaire for a Bowery free-and-easy, and made a proposition that the



FRAULEIN MARIA MARX,

THE BETROTHED OF BARON VON STERNBERGER AND IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF HIS LEATH.

about thirty, with his wife and child came to the same place and settled down to basket making and selling. The two Indian families hired rooms in the house of a white man named Plummer, who lived some two miles from the village proper, in a thickly-settled neighborhood. The old Indian was generally known about town as "Old Joe," and was a peaceable man.

On the night in question three men, Lewis E. Hopkins, Lorenzo H. Turner and William Lint, neighbors of the Indians, went out on a spree. Hopkins, who was a tough character generally, and was known locally as "Slim Jim,"



THOMAS WYATT,

THE ARKANSAS FARMER FOR WHOM MURDER THREE NEGROES ARE TO HANG.

### The Wyatt Murder.

Our last week's issue contained a detailed account of the recent Wyatt murder trial in Howard county, Arkansas, which resulted in the conviction of murder in the first degree of three negroes, and the sentencing to various long terms of some twenty or thirty others. This week we publish the portrait of Thomas Wyatt, the victim of the murderers, who, though cowardly and brutal in the extreme, seem to have been treated with unusual severity by the State authorities.

### You Could Hardly Blame the Boys.

Many a sermon has been preached from the pulpit and the press on the prevailing custom in New York and other cities of converting the parlors of our high-toned residences into bar-rooms on the first of the year. The custom is one that would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. There is a heartiness and a true spark of fellowship in the habit of calling upon your friends upon the opening of the new year, and it is well that guests should be received with becoming hospitality, but the rivalry of ambitious householders to make their friends' visits



YOU COULD HARDLY BLAME THE BOYS.

HOW A PARTY OF ROLLOCKING NEW YEAR'S CALLERS GOT A LITTLE MIXED, AND M-TAKING THE LAY-OUT IN A FASHIONABLE RESIDENCE FOR A BAR-ROOM FREE LUNCH OFFERED TO CHUCK DICE WITH THE LADIES FOR DRINKS.

left the lower portion of the house, passed through "Old Joe's" room, and went upstairs. "Old Joe" and his wife became frightened and fastened their door, which opened into the kitchen, where the three callers and Plummer were carousing, and after a time began to think of retiring. They were both sitting on the edge of their couch, when the door was forced open and Hopkins and Turner rushed in and grabbed the old Indian woman. In spite of her own and her husband's frantic struggles, she was forced back into the kitchen, where the ruffians accomplished their purpose. The old husband was frantic and attempted to follow, when he was met by Hopkins, says the old old lady, who struck him in the head with his fist, knocked him down, trampled on him, and kicked him in the head repeatedly. He never spoke or moved after being struck the first time, and the post-mortem shows him to have been terribly pounded and kicked, causing rupture of the blood-vessels.

Hopkins and Turner were arrested. The former was held by the coroner's jury for murder in the first degree, and the second for rape.



WILLIAM JONES,

AWAITING EXECUTION AT JACKSON, OHIO, FOR THE MURDER OF ANDERSON LACKEY.

ladies of the house should chuck dice with them for drinks.

### Husband Murdered, Wife Raped.

A most atrocious murder, accompanied by other heinous crimes, was committed on the night of the 13th of December, in the town of Richmond, Me. Some months ago Joseph Dennis and his wife, Elizabeth Dennis, both Oldtown Indians, between sixty five and seventy years of age, came to Richmond and settled there. At about the same time Joseph Nicholas, a fine-looking and very intelligent young Indian of



LUKE JONES,

TO HANG WITH HIS BROTHER WILLIAM FOR A COMMON CRIME.

and William Lint walked to town, while Turner, who owns a horse, rode down. Hopkins and Lint got there first, and proceeded to make a round of the rumshops. After going to a place kept by one Capt. Hussey for a parting drink, they all started for home. Their road led them by Plummer's house. Arriving there full of rum and cussedness generally they drove up and entered at once without knocking. Here they drank from the bottle Hopkins had had filled at the saloon on Water street, and soon raised such a rumpus that the young Indian and his wife and child got terribly frightened and



LEWIS E. HOPKINS,

THE BRUTAL MURDERER OF AN OLD INDIAN AT RICHMOND, ME.



## A Disciple of the Benders.

Charles Hibbard, who murdered a stranger on his ranch near Trinidad, Col., about three weeks ago, and then left the country before the crime became known to the officers, has been captured near the western line of the Indian Territory by the officer and detective who went on the murderer's trail. Hibbard was overhauled while driving over the country in the wagon which he had stolen from the man he murdered. The murder possesses all the sensational aspects of those committed by the Benders in Kansas many years ago.

The Hibbard ranch was located on the prairie, many miles from other habitations. A stranger who said he had just arrived from California, stopped at the ranch and asked for shelter. He had a good team of horses and said he was looking for a ranch to start in the cattle business. Young Hibbard was living on the ranch with his uncle, who left on a visit of several weeks to Kansas. Shortly after the uncle left, young Hibbard struck his guest on the head with a billet of wood, and then beat him to death, dug a grave under a potato hill near the wall surrounding the adobe house, and there buried the naked body of his victim, making the potato pile resume its former appearance. He then destroyed the clothes and worthless effects of the stranger, and a day or so afterward started overland and across the country with the stranger's team and wagon. Officers and detectives who visited the ranch found the body ten days after it had been buried, and at once started in pursuit. A reward of \$1,000 was offered for his arrest.

## Making the Hair Fly.

A young lady of Nashville, Tenn., lately made a narrow escape from a bogus marriage by her keen wit, and was thus saved disgrace and the mortification of a court trial, such as the Vaughan-Higgle case that has lately attracted

so much attention at New Utrecht, L. I. The lady in question a short time ago met a handsome young man on a railroad train, who professed to be smitten at first sight. The foolish maiden encouraged his addresses, and the ardent stranger proposed an elopement and speedy marriage. Infatuation led the young lady so far as to consent, but upon arriving at the house where the ceremony was to take place she became suspicious, and recognizing that the supposed parson wore a wig and false whiskers, she darted forward just as the final words were to be announced making the pair man and wife, and tore from the head and face of the bogus parson a wig and pair of flowing whiskers. This satisfied her that a deception was intended, and she fled from the place. The would-be groom also got away in a hurry, and has not been heard from since, although a couple of indignant brothers are anxiously looking for him.

## Steam Power Reformation.

For some time Dominic Morillo, an Italian, has been keeping a house of bad repute and an illicit liquor shop on the property of the Ridgeway and Clearfield Railroad at Brockwayville, Penn. Every effort was made to close it up, but without success.

On the evening of Dec. 20 A. J. Cooper, an engineer, ran his locomotive on the siding near the house, and a number of men fastened chains around the house and to the locomotive. Then the engine was started, and the whole building was torn from its foundation and completely wrecked. The ruins were afterward set on fire and burned. The inmates escaped unhurt.

## Louisville's Chief of Police.

Gen. Thomas H. Taylor is the name of Louisville's (Ky.) chief of police. He has been a faithful guardian of the city's interest in that capacity for over two years, having been appointed under the present Mayor, Charles D. Jacob.



SHE MADE THE HAIR FLY AT THE RIGHT TIME.

HOW A YOUNG LADY OF NASHVILLE, TENN., TORE OFF THE WIG AND FALSE WHISKERS OF A PRETENDED PARSON AND SAVED HERSELF FROM BEING THE VICTIM OF A BOGUS MARRIAGE.

Gen. Taylor was a Brigadier General in the Confederate army, and served during the war with honor and credit to himself. He is a native Kentuckian, and withal a gentlemanly, honorable man.

## Knifed to Death.

Recently, at Sligo Furnace, Mo., James Wingfield, seventeen years old, fatally stabbed Barney

Hinch, an employee at the furnace. James and George Wingfield had been playing cards with Hinch and another party, and some words had passed between them, but had been settled, when Hinch said he had not been treated right, and guessed they would have to whip the Wingfields. After a few words James Wingfield drew a knife and struck Hinch in the right side of the neck, from which he died in five minutes. The affair occurred in a shanty near the furnace, where the Wingfields had been selling whisky. Sheriff Reyburn has George under arrest.



STEAM POWER REFORMATION.

HOW THE INDIGNANT CITIZENS OF BROCKWAYVILLE, PA., RIDDED THEMSELVES OF A NUISANCE BY CALLING IN THE ASSISTANCE OF A PLUCKY ENGINEER AND HIS LOCOMOTIVE.



# NEW YORK NAKED;

OR,

## NOT SUCH A SUCKER AS HE LOOKED.

Being the Adventures of a Young Man  
Who Did Not Get Left

BY HIMSELF.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### ANOTHER HIGHLY FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

The blood was tingling in every extremity of my body, and my mind was brimming over with the most delicious speculations as I submitted to the directions of my charming pilot. So saturated, in fact, was I with the delicious influences of the time and place that I suddenly bent over her and kissed her polished and perfumed neck.

A thrill ran down her back. She undulated in little waves from her ankles to her shapely head, and the color flamed into her cheeks.

It was a moment of ecstasy. I cannot, of course, describe her feelings at that crisis in our acquaintance, and it would take the vocabulary of a Byron or of a Swinburne to do justice to my own. The pictures in the drawing-room, the subtle odors, the rich and stimulating supper, and, above all, the divine abandon of the beautiful and lightly-clad creature at my side, had done their fatal, fascinating work.

I seemed to be treading on air. The throbbing of my nerves and veins grew absolutely painful, and my senses were dazed to such a high pitch that I could have sworn I was able to hear and count their vibrations.

With an audacity that seemed almost like profanation, I put my arm around the warm and yielding waist of my companion and pressed her close to me. She nestled in my embrace and said: "Wait till we get up stairs!"

We had barely reached that threshold of an earthly paradise, in a silence much more eloquent and delicious than speech, when my companion stopped.

"Oh! dear!" she exclaimed, "Caroline, our girl, has gone home and I forgot to tell her to bring up the brandy carafe: I must go down and get it."

"Not at all," was my gallant reply. "Let me!"

"It is always so nice—in fact, with me, so necessary—to have such a stimulant handy. I am very liable to swooning attacks during the night, and a tiny drop of brandy and water brings me to in a moment. I had better go for it myself, however, you won't know where it is and might hurt yourself or break something in the dark."

"I'll engage to lay my hands on it in an instant," I said, in response and with resolution. "I can light the dining-room gas in an instant, and, if I am not very much mistaken, the brandy carafe is on the buffet, on the marble slab."

"What an observing eye you've got," she cried, admiringly. "You're quite right! The brandy carafe is on the marble slab, and you'll find plenty of matches in the hall match-safe."

With a kiss upon her celestial lips, which seemed to inflame her beyond all expression and a fierce impatience of being retarded in the consummation of my glorious hopes, I slipped down stairs, extracted three or four matches, and entering the dining-room, lit the gas.

Just as I turned to grasp the carafe of brandy, I heard a heavy footfall on the front stoop. From where I stood I could clearly see the vestibule. The hall lamp, still burning, illuminated it in every corner.

Something seemed to keep me standing on the same spot as if I had been glued to it, and an indescribable sense of apprehension took possession of me.

In another instant the feet whose approach had attracted my attention, came firmly and resolutely up the steps. In a flash I heard a latch-key inserted in the lock, upon which, with unusual presence of mind, I turned the gas out and left myself in utter darkness.

The hall, however, was brilliantly illuminated, and although invisible myself, I could clearly perceive everybody and everything. In a perfect agony of apprehension (for, too as I am, I have got sense enough to know when I am in a ticklish plight) I stood where I was and awaited further developments. To say I was rooted to the spot but feebly expresses my condition. I felt as if I had been nailed to it with wrought-iron spikes.

Escape was impossible. That I felt only too clearly. The only door which so far as I could see led out of the dining-room, led into the hall. Every instant I expected to hear the glass door of the vestibule open, and to see the stranger, whoever he might be. Immediate escape was only too obviously cut off. The best I could hope for would be his disappearance into the drawing-room on the right, or his ascent up stairs. In either case I could make a dash for liberty and get out of the house unchallenged and unseen.

But what if he came straight into the dining-room? I could not fail to be discovered, and in my condition of an utter stranger lurking in the dark, ran every risk from being shot to being handed over to the police.

It all occurred in an instant, this death-blow to my hopes—but my mind seemed to be going, the while, through a whole century of agonizing speculations. Who could this be? That was the overpowering conundrum. It was evidently somebody well acquainted with the house, somebody who wasn't either afraid or ashamed to ascend its stoop with an audible, not to say resonant footstep. It was, moreover, somebody who had the entrée of the establishment, for he possessed a latch-key. Worst and most significant of all, it was a heavy and athletic person, as I could only too clearly distinguish by the ring of his pressure on the step.

Suppose it should be the husband—the commercial Mortimer! Suppose he had announced the prolongation of his absence as a blind and had come home unexpectedly with the hope of being able to detect his wife in *flagrante delicto*, and with one fell swoop put an end both to herself and the lover of the moment.

A vast wave of horror went over me and I came up, my knees shaking, my back twitching and my teeth chattering.

I had not long to wait.

The vestibule door opened, and the new-comer strode into the hall and stopped directly under the gaslight to regard the hat-rack.

He was a large man with a solemn face, a close-cropped gray beard, and eyeglasses. His features seemed a trifle larger than those of Mr. Mortimer's portrait and his beard was trimmed in a different fashion. But still there were the eyeglasses and the gray hair and beard.

He was magnificently dressed. The silk hat he wore was the regular Broadway article, and shone like a mirror. He wore a costly silken handkerchief round his neck, which he had carelessly deranged on entering, and it showed a magnificent diamond pin in the scarf beneath it. His overcoat was a triumph of the tailor's art. It was made of real Astrakhan fur and lined with brown quilted satin. That I could tell by the lappets, which were airily thrown open. The aiguillettes with which he fastened it were of the most expensive satin braid. Underneath he wore a Prince Albert frock-coat, evidently built by a Paris or London artist, for its fit and style were simply faultless. His pantaloons were of a rich ribbed material, and his shoes were adorned with the overgarters only affected by men of the profoundest devotion to fashion.

I never remember seeing such a well-dressed man of his age. Yet he did not look absurd or give me the idea that he was an old addle-pated dandy or dude. On the contrary, he wore his elegant and expensive raiment with the indifference of a man accustomed to every kind of luxury, who was compelled to submit to the laws of the prevalent style by virtue of his position in society.

Even in that moment (for me) of terror and alarm. I could not help being seized by a sudden envy of his overcoat. What a magnificent garment! The fur looked like the finest silk, and its softness adapted itself to every curve and projection of the wearer's body.

But I was not allowed more than a single instant to be covetous of the new arrival's attire. The interest I took in his overcoat seemed to be reciprocated by the curiosity with which he regarded mine. It was hanging on the rack, under my hat. He regarded it, as I thought, with indignant surprise and amazement. Taking it in his gloved hand, he inspected it with sinister interest. When he saw the name of the maker (it was that of a ready-made clothing dealer on Broadway), a look of contempt went over his face and, in a deep resonant chest voice, he said:

"Bah!"

The next thing I saw him do, as I watched him with a hideous fascination, was the removal of his own hat and coat. These he "peeled off" him, as the phrase goes, and hung on the rack alongside mine.

Then he rubbed his hands a moment, pulled out his watch, stroked his beard in a ruminative manner, and then turning in the direction of the dining-room, came, with a firm, swinging stride, straight for me.

For one instant I was palsied by my terror. The next I dashed behind the door, and with only that childish bulwark between me and my fate, prepared myself to meet the worst.

The casual reader will admit that my predicament was not a pleasant one by any means. To have no other haven from the fury of an injured and possibly infuriated husband than the narrow space between a door and a wall, likely to be disclosed at any moment by his shutting himself in, was, by long odds, the most distressing plight into which my adventures had ever conducted me.

When he entered the dining-room, he lit the gas with the air of a man who had done so dozens of times already, and then, going to the buffet he opened it, peered in, grunted once or twice in a dissatisfied way, produced a Strasbourg pate in its little yellow tureen, some dainty crackers, and a tumbler.

These he put upon the table, whistling softly to himself the while as if he were quite at home. Next, he groped in another compartment of the side-board, and found a siphon of carbonic water, which, with a tumbler, he placed by his Strasbourg pie. Last of all, he grabbed the very carafe of brandy, in search of which I had myself come down stairs, and with a kindlier expression on his face than had hitherto occupied it sat down to enjoy his late supper.

I thought the accursed meal would never come to an end. He eat and drank and drank and eat, until it seemed to me as if he must burst. The brandy had sensibly diminished in the carafe, and the pate had all but disappeared, when I heard a light footstep in the hall, and Mrs. Mortimer, attired only in her lace-trimmed nightgown, appeared upon the scene.

I could not see her face at all, in consequence of my position behind the door, but I heard her exclaim, in a tone of rapturous surprise:

"Oh! Edward!"

And, like the wicked, treacherous, insincere jade she was, she sprang at him, threw both arms ecstatically round his neck, and was soon returning with interest the caresses and endearments which he showered upon her. Sitting on his knees, she drank out of his glass, took a puff now and then of his cigar, and assured him over and over again that his unexpected arrival was the greatest delight she had ever experienced.

This was almost more than I could stand. To see a stranger enjoying himself while I, crouched ignominiously behind the door, was bad enough, but to have to endure the further annoyance and humiliation of observing the woman, in whose passions and emotions I had only a little while ago occupied so large a place, lavishing the tender caresses on somebody else which had really been inspired by and belonged to myself, nearly set me beside myself.

Happily, their billing and cooing did not last long. After a prolonged and exasperating kiss, they left the room, arm-in-arm, precisely as she and I had been arm-in-arm only a short three-quarters of an hour before, and, turning out the gas, went up stairs.

Cramped, furious and disappointed, as soon as I heard them overhead I slipped into the hall, made a grab in the darkness at the first hat and coat which I could feel, hurriedly put them on, opened the front door as noiselessly as I could, and in ten minutes was on the front platform of a horse-car, bound to Jersey City Ferry.

In my frantic dash for a covering I had seized my own hat and the stranger's Astrakhan overcoat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### GRACE CHASE.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Chase is one of E. E. Rice's prize beauties. She is clever as well as pretty, and will make her mark some day. If she don't, she will have got into our picture-gallery on the general principle that she is pretty, even if not clever enough to deserve a place there.

## AN OLD MAN'S FURY.

### Attempting to Kill His Wife, His Stepson and Himself.

A startling tragedy was enacted in St. Louis, recently, causing much excitement in local circles. The scene was the fashionable boarding-house of Mrs. Gibson, at No. 309 Washington avenue. Six years ago, that lady was a handsome young widow, and among her boarders was a wealthy builder and contractor named D. J. Gibson.

He was nearly sixty years old, while she was but forty-two, but this disparity in age was overcome and the widow was won by Gibson's wealth and smiles. They were married and the honeymoon was scarcely at an end when Gibson became very jealous of his wife's children. She had a daughter who was married to John F. Buffington, and a son named Eugene F. Mulholland. So cross and crabbed did Gibson become that quarrels were of frequent occurrence. Last Fall day he insulted the widow's daughter in the presence of two boarders, and they thrashed him soundly and then kicked him out of the house. He returned, and then his stepson kicked him out.

The quarrels continued until Gibson went to Henrietta, Tex., where he had the contract for building a big bridge. While there the old gentleman wrote a letter to his wife in St. Louis, in which he promised to return to her and kill his stepson, young Mulholland. He also wrote to the Excelsior Manufacturing Company, where Buffington was employed as book keeper, and signing a false name, told that firm that Buffington had murdered his wife's stepfather and thrown his body into the river. The firm had Buffington arrested, but he easily proved the falsity of the charge.

Gibson returned to the city. Mulholland, upon hearing of his arrival, swore out a peace warrant and his arrest followed. Gibson gave a \$1,000 bond to keep the peace and was released. Leaving the Four Courts, he rushed to his old home. He arrived there just at tea-time, and, walking into the dining-room, found thirty-five boarders seated at the table. His wife was at the head of the table, and upon seeing her husband she screamed and shouted:

"Take care, he has a pistol, and he is going to kill me."

Gibson had a seven-chambered revolver, and, without a word of warning, he opened fire. The bullet was intended for Mulholland, but struck his younger brother Frederick in the back. Then Gibson turned toward Buffington. The latter threw up his left arm, and the bullet intended for his head took effect in the wrist. Buffington attempted to run away, and, as he did so, Gibson fired again, and this time sent a bullet which hit him just above the shoulder-blade and passed through his body. Gibson next fired at his wife and the bullet passed through her hair, singeing the scalp. One of the boarders attempted to disarm Gibson. The infuriated man, thinking that he had done his work thoroughly and killed all his enemies, turned the weapon upon his own person and shot himself in the breast. He fell upon the dining-room floor, still clutching his pistol. Several persons who heard the firing signaled the police, and the "hoodlum" wagon from the Four Courts, not three blocks away, was soon upon the scene. The officers found the old man apparently dead and his two victims lying upon the dining-room floor. Mulholland ordered his stepfather's body taken from the house and the police placed the old man in their wagon and took him to the hospital.

### HANDS UP.

#### The Deliberate Manner in Which a Band of Masked Robbers Gutted a Montana Store.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Stevensville, Montana Territory, is still excited over a bold robbery that occurred there a short time ago. At about half-past six o'clock, while nearly everybody in the place was at supper, three men deliberately walked into the store of Eddy, Hammond & Co., and covering the three gentlemen present (Messrs. Salsig, Hatch and G. W. Dobbins), with their weapons, demanded "hands up." The demand was complied with, and they were then ordered to face the wall. The boys turned with military precision, and took an inventory of the stock on the shelves. George Salsig was quietly ordered to open the safe, and turn over what money he had on hand, George did as ordered, under cover of the threatening weapon, and pulled out what money the firm had on hand, something like \$80 or \$90, and informed him that was all they had; but the robber was better posted, and demanded the opening of "that other drawer," and something over \$500 was fished out of the receptacle. The robber then rifled the drawers, and "went through" the pockets of the trio of prisoners from which last mine of wealth they realized the sum of two dollars! Seeing a Winchester rifle standing near, they took it with them and departed, first giving orders not to make a move for five minutes. The instant they went out the front door, Clerk Hatch left by the back door, and running to the hotel, gave the alarm. There was a lively rustling around for weapons, but, notwithstanding the bright moonlight, no clew was obtained to the direction taken by the robbers.

### RIGHT YOU ARE, BROTHER!

EDINBURG, CHRISTIAN CO., ILL.,  
Dec. 22, 1883.]

Mr. Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE, New York City:

DEAR SIR—I have been for the past five years a constant reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, and to-day has been the first time I've ever been told that I shall not have it. I believe in the freedom of the press, and as a free man I am going to read the POLICE GAZETTE in spite of all the hypocrites that oppose its free circulation. There is a pack of religious hyenas in Chicago who are trying to stop the mails of Illinois from carrying the GAZETTE. Can they do it, Mr. Fox? I am one that will read it, and I will have it if I have to get it packed from New York to me on horseback. It is not an obscene paper, as those dough-faced hypocrites call it, for it only exposes their licentious abominations and tells the square truth. For that reason they don't like it. I, Edward F. Watkins, am one of the 1,000,000 readers who say I will read it.

I am an out-spoken man, and I try to treat every one with respect. I pay for everything I get, cash down. I love the sports. I like sparring. I believe in everything that is harmless in the way of recreations. I am free with every one. My farm is free for any one to hunt on, fish on, box on, fight on, or preach or hold religious meetings on. They can all come to me and have a good time. But no man shall stop me from

reading the POLICE GAZETTE. I will send you the money and I want you to send me a copy of the GAZETTE every week, and if the mails won't carry it send it by express, and if they won't express it, send it by freight.

You can publish this letter if you like, and use my name in full. I wanted the number of Dec. 26, on account of the supplement, as well as the paper, but I could not get it.

I ever remain your well wisher, hoping you will live 100 years and publish the POLICE GAZETTE every week.

Long may you wave.

EDWARD F. WATKINS,  
Edinburg, Ill.

### THREE GENERATIONS MURDERED.

#### Grandmother, Mother and Daughter Fall Victims to the Assassin's Knife; Moncure, N. C.

A triple murder was committed on the night of Dec. 23, near Moncure, Chatham county, N. C. The victims were Mrs. Sarah Gunter, a widow lady eighty-two years old, her daughter, twenty-two, and granddaughter, about seventeen. The bodies of the three murdered women were found in the morning of the 24th. An ax besmeared with blood, which had evidently been used by the murderer, was found on the floor of the room in which the crime was committed. The affair is shrouded in mystery.

The murdered women lived alone in a small house some distance from the road and remote from the neighbors. So far as is known, they had no enemies who would have been capable of taking their lives. The old lady was poor and in humble circumstances. She expected, however, to come into the possession of some money at an early day next year. It is thought probable that some one, hearing of this expected fortune, believed the old woman had received the money, and committed the triple murder to obtain possession of it. The furniture in the room was in great confusion when an examination of the premises was made. Some of the bureau drawers and boxes had been ransacked, evidently by the perpetrators of the bloody crime in search of the plunder they anticipated finding. Among the articles scattered about on the floor were several which had been procured by the dead women as Christmas gifts for some friends or relations, who had been tenderly remembered by them. Suspicion points to one or two negroes as the probable assassins, but sufficient evidence has not yet been secured to warrant arrests. The affair has thrown the community in which the murder occurred into the wildest state of excitement. If a clew can be obtained sufficient to fix the crime upon any one with any degree of certainty, a lynching is not at all improbable.

### NAUGHTINESS AMONG THE RUSTICS.

#### Two Sensational Scandals in a Small Indiana Village and a Third One in Prospective.

Eaton, a small village in Indiana, is all torn up, and the country thereabouts is in a state of intense excitement. It seems that Amanda Edwards, before her marriage to Mr. Frank Yountz, some six years ago, was shown considerable attention by Mr. Samuel Ames, now railroad agent at that place, which is a station on the Ft. W., C. and L. Railroad, and there has been an intimacy existing ever since, not enough, however, to elicit comment until quite recently. A week or two ago Mr. Yountz was informed by a friend that his wife had been criminally intimate with Ames. Surprised, enraged and horrified at the news, he charged her with her infidelity, when she threw her arms about his neck, and, Mr. Yountz says, confessed it all, acknowledging that Ames had on several occasions taken the place sacred to her liege lord. Weeping and penitent she pleaded for mercy.

Angered, mortified and made desperate by the terrible news, the husband obtained a pistol, and went gunning for Ames, but before he found him, his friends discovered his object, and dissuaded him from his bloody purpose, and cooler advice led him to refrain from warlike demonstrations. He left his wife, however, and says he will not return to her, and is seeking legal advice in Muncie, Ind.

Another case is raising considerable of a perfume in the same village. A few days since, a preacher was attending on his wife, who was confined, when the hired girl, an attractive young woman from the neighborhood, went down cellar after apples. He followed her down, and what transpired is only known by the girl's story, which is that he first made improper proposals to her, and when she refused, he caught hold of her, when the inevitable mother-in-law appeared at the doorway, and he desisted. What there is in the case it is hard to tell, but the friends of the girl talk loud but earnestly, and maintain the girl's story is true, although the divine earnestly protests his innocence, and says that it was all put up on him.

A third sensation is rumored, which may develop in a short time.

### SLUGGED AND ROBBED.

J. B. Shamrer, a stock buyer, of Luverne, Minn., was slugged by an unknown man on the night of Dec. 16, and robbed of currency and drafts amounting to \$1,200. Mr. S. went to his barn about 8 o'clock to water his horses, and as he opened the sliding door between the carriage-room and the stable he was struck a terrible blow across the top of his head, and the same moment the lantern he carried was smashed and the light extinguished. A struggle ensued, in which Mr. Shamrer received another heavy blow above his left ear, which felled him to the floor insensible. The robber then rifled his victim's pocket and fled. About half an hour later Mr. Shamrer recovered his senses and succeeded in getting back to the house. A doctor was called, and the wounds, although very severe, were pronounced not necessarily dangerous. The matter was placed in the hands of Sheriff Gilman, who made diligent search for the robber, but without success.

### A FENCE-CUTTING AFFRAY.

A bloody fence-cutting affray occurred Dec. 22 in Coleman county, Texas. A band of fence-cutters had the night previous destroyed several miles of fence around a large ranch pasture, inclosing both private and state lands. The ranch owners, who had been on the lookout, discovered the spoliation about daylight, pursued and overtook the fence-cutters, when a fight ensued, in which two of the latter were mortally wounded and a ranchman had a leg so badly shattered that amputation was necessary.



## A NOVEL EXECUTION.

## A Choctaw Murderer Blindfolded and Shot through the Heart.

## A Sheriff and Deputy Hold his Hands, while another Deputy Fires the Fatal Shot.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Levi James, a Choctaw Indian, aged about twenty-nine years, was shot to death at Buck Creek Court House, Scullyville county, Choctaw Nation, I. T., on the 13th of December, 1893, for the crime of murder, committed on the 4th of July, 1892. His victim was a young man named James Fulson, a son of a prominent minister. James was convicted of the crime in the Circuit Court of Scullyville county, about the middle of November, and since that time has been preparing to meet his fate, little effort having been made by his friends to prevent it. During most of the time intervening from the date of his conviction and sentence, he has shown no signs of fear, and took the matter with that stolid indifference so characteristic of his race, at the same time appearing to take considerable interest in religious matters, and for ten days previous to the execution read his Bible, and sang hymns almost constantly, his wife and four children being with him all the time during the last ten days of his existence. The day of execution was dark and cloudy, and only forty or fifty persons were present, the roads leading to the court-house being in a most deplorable condition, rendered so by the heavy rain of the previous night. At 1:30 o'clock Sheriff R. J. Ward entered the room and read the death-warrant in presence of his family, sister and brother, and then a scene followed which beggars description. The walls of the little children as their father gave them a last parting caress, and the loud outcries of grief from the poor wife and mother, caused many of the spectators to turn away to hide their emotion. James wept bitterly himself, as he clasped his wife in a long, last embrace, and endeavored to comfort her as best he could, saying he would be better off.

His relatives, except his brother, then left the scene and went down into the woods. His brother then proceeded to dress him for the grave in a suit of black clothing, white shirt and necktie.

Scarcely had he completed his toilet when his wife, with her babe in her arms, again returned to see him once more, and then another very touching farewell scene was enacted. She again left, and James sat on a chair in the door of the jail and sang a hymn with the attending minister. A prayer was next offered, and then his spiritual adviser left him. Sheriff Ward and his deputies stepped forward and lifted him to a blanket spread on the ground in front of the jail door; he was wholly unable to walk. After getting him in position, a handkerchief was tied over his eyes, and while Sheriff Ward held his right hand, Deputy Lafore held his left. Then there was a moment of painful suspense, as Deputy James Darnell raised his weapon, which was broken by a sharp report, and Levi James passed into the unfathomable depths of the dark beyond with only one or two slight convulsive struggles. He was then placed in a rude pine box and turned over to his weeping relatives, who started immediately for their home, eighteen miles distant, all in the same conveyance.

The scene of the execution is twenty-five miles from Fort Smith, in a lonely spot in the woods there being one residence, a court-house and small jail there. Notwithstanding the fact that Levi James was a cripple, wholly unable to walk, he was classed among the most desperate and dangerous of men, and his tragic ending was not unlooked for by those who knew him best. Born of respectable parents, near the State line, and only about sixteen miles from the City of Fort Smith, Ark., he received the benefit of a fair common school education, and could have done well in the world had he not been addicted to strong drink. His father was Judge Davis James, a prominent man in his day, and who at one time held the position of Circuit Judge of Scullyville county. At an early age he married a white girl, who was only thirteen years old at the time, and she survives him with four children.

On the 4th of July, 1892, he attended a celebration at Hackett City, and of course got drunk before the day closed. He started home, accompanied by James Fulson and another young man, who went with him through friendship to see that he got there safely. Upon reaching the place he requested young Fulson to stop with him for the night, and refused to be helped from his horse unless Fulson would stay. After parleying a short time, Fulson and his friend started on up the road, when James told him if he did not come back he would kill him. He paid no attention to the threat, and rode leisurely along. When they had got some distance from the house Levi put out after them at a rapid gait, and when he got in pistol range deliberately shot Fulson from his horse. After getting sober and realizing the enormity of his crime, he fled the country, declaring that no officer of the law could arrest him alive. He was caught, however, about four months afterward in the Chickasaw nation, and brought back.

## A GOOSE-BUTCHER'S MISHAP.

Aaron Eckstein, a Hebrew goose-butcher, doing business at 69 Ludlow street, New York city, is subject to rheumatism and epileptic fits. As a remedy for the first named he uses a liniment which he carries in a bottle labeled "poison." He fell in a fit at Grand street and the Bowery, Dec. 27. Policeman Hughes dragged him to the Eldridge street station, and finding the alarmingly labeled bottle in his pocket, concluded that he had taken poison, and telegraphed to the central office for a stomach-pump and an ambulance. When both arrived four men held Eckstein, who was too stupefied from the effects of his fit to protest, while the ambulance surgeon applied the stomach-pump and drew forth all the breakfast the poor man had eaten. Then, despite the inarticulate remonstrances of the patient, whom the operation had aroused, his stomach was flooded with water, and the pump was a second time applied for the purpose of completely washing away the poison which he was supposed to have swallowed.

"Do you feel better?" asked the surgeon, after the second pumping.

Fearing a third pumping Eckstein answered that he did.

The sergeant at the desk was preparing to lock Eckstein up for violation of the statute of the new

Code in regard to attempting suicide, but the surgeon, after again reading the label of the liniment bottle, asked: "What did you take it for?"

The patient touched his arm, and in the best English he could command, explained that he only used the contents of the bottle for external application to cure his rheumatism.

The rheumatic arm was subjected to an injection of morphine before the unfortunate goose-butcher was allowed to depart.

## A BLACKENED HEART.

## The Terrible Discovery of a West Virginia Mail Carrier.

A terrible tragedy was recently committed in the neighborhood of Beverly, Randolph county, W. Va. Elizabeth Somerfield, with two little children, has for some time been living quietly in a cabin on the land of Capt. Parson, on the eastern slope of Rich Mountain. The little hut fronted the picturesque valley of the north fork of the Cheat river, and here the widow dwelt in quietness, subsisting as best she could on such provisions as she could obtain herself from the soil and the charity of neighbors. On Thursday, Dec. 13, the mail-carrier on the route from Leedsville to the mouth of the Seneca, in Pendleton county, was making his weekly trip to the latter place when he met two men, who informed him that a cabin had been burned down close to where he would pass. Upon arrival at the place he alighted from his horse, more to satisfy his idle curiosity than to make any startling discovery, not having the remotest idea that such a sight would meet his gaze upon arriving at the ruins as that of the charred remains of three human beings. When he reached the site of the cabin, the first thing that met his gaze was a blackened human heart lying together with some charred bones and fragments of flesh in a heap of ashes. Horrified at the discovery, the carrier continued the search, soon finding near by the skulls of the mother and a child lying with a fragment of a breast-bone and several ribs. The woman's skull had the appearance of having been crushed in with some heavy instrument probably a crowbar found lying near by. As soon as the mail-carrier realized the full importance of his ghastly discovery, he gave the alarm, and soon over a hundred farmers gathered from the surrounding country. A thorough investigation was set on foot, but nothing throwing light on the perpetrators of the crime could be discovered. It is supposed the cabin was burned down on Sunday night, and a heavy snow falling the next day obliterated every trace of the murderers and incendiaries. In December, 1892, a similar mysterious tragedy occurred in the same county, resulting in the death and subsequent burning of Adam Curreece and his three children, the perpetrators of which were never discovered, and this parallel case has excited much comment and alarm among the people.

## ANOTHER MOCK MARRIAGE.

There is a prospect of another case coming before the courts in which a marriage contracted in fun may prove dead earnest. It appears that in the early part of last August a young Buffalo physician went to Chicago on the steamer Idaho. He was not long on board the vessel before he made the acquaintance of many of the passengers, especially as he had with him his microscope and began to show some interesting specimens. Among others, he soon became acquainted with a beautiful Chicago belle, who was on her return home. They became quite intimate, and one evening, after a musical entertainment, some one proposed a mock marriage, and who should be selected but our medical friend and Miss Jessie. A New York lawyer performed the "ceremony," and they were introduced as Dr. and Mrs. W—. 'At first they seemed to enjoy the fun, but as they neared Chicago the doctor requested his friends to drop the game, as he was tired of it, and as the lady probably would not like to have it kept up. Arrived at Chicago, the doctor parted with his friend, she going her way and he his.

But since his return home they have corresponded, and recently he got a letter from the mother of the lady alleging that he was her son-in-law, and as she always desired to have an M. D. for a son-in-law, her wish seems to have been realized. She added that she must insist upon the fulfillment of the marriage contract, and consequently hoped that he would soon call to take his happy bride home as his wife. Of course she was sorry to have to part with her darling daughter, etc., etc.

As can be imagined, the doctor was much surprised, and from all appearances the end is not yet. It seems as if the case would be brought into court, as the lady insists that she is legally married to him.

## A RAID ON A COCKPIT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The big cocking main at Logan, Ohio, was brought to a sudden ending on Wednesday, Dec. 19, by the arrival of Sheriff McCarthy and a posse on the grounds in a large sleigh. The ringing of the merry sleigh-bells was unnoticed by those engaged in witnessing the main until a scout, who had been posted outside, rushed into the old ice-house, where the pit was located, and notified the inmates that the police were on their track. Then there was a general scattering, and every one got out the best way they could. The owners of the birds made a grab for them and struck out for liberty. The officers placed a ladder against the building and succeeded in entering at one of the windows and capturing some of the spectators.

Rev. G. W. Burns, pastor of the M. E. Church, filed the affidavit on which the arrests were made. When the parties were brought before the Mayor he required security for costs in the prosecution, which was not given, when the parties were dismissed.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

T. B. Peterson & Bros., the Philadelphia publishers, have been busy lately, and have been getting out many good books. The works they issue can always be depended upon as something worth reading. Among the latest issues from their presses are: "Her Second Love," by Ashford Owen; "The Fair Enchantress," by Miss M. C. Keller, and Mrs. D. E. N. Southworth's latest work, "Ishmael; or, In the Depths."

## A POLITICIAN SHOT DEAD.

William McCaffrey, a prominent ward politician and assistant superintendent of markets, was shot and mortally wounded early Christmas morning in a New Orleans gambling saloon, by Bud Renaud, one of the proprietors of the establishment. They quarreled, and McCaffrey left the building. On attempting to regain admittance Renaud fired. The ball entered McCaffrey's forehead. Renaud was jailed.

## DOTHEBOY'S HALL IN CHICAGO.

## How Helpless Children were Starved and Maltreated by a Female Squealers.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Further investigation into the management of the so-called shelter for children, conducted by Mrs. Anna Schock, near Chicago, a short account of which we published last week, shows that the establishment was one worthy to rank with Dotheboy's Hall, immortalized by Dickens, and the manageress would make a good side-partner for the Rev. Mr. Cowley, who runs the Shepherd's Fold in this city, and run himself into jail by his inhuman treatment of the children committed to his care.

For some time past the Humane Society has been in receipt of complaints respecting the management of the Home, and the women who were engaged by Mrs. Schock were continually leaving, not being able to get any wages from her. The officers of the Society vainly attempted to get an entrance into the house at La Grange, but found it impossible, as it was as strictly guarded from male intrusion as a Turkish harem, but at last they employed a female detective, and, on the information obtained from her, a warrant was sworn out against Mrs. Schock for cruelty, and she was arrested by Constable Williams, of Justice Russell's court. This being effected, the portals of the Home were thrown open to the inquiring gaze of man.

On the first floor were four rooms, the front room being the reception one for visitors, which was in good shape, and into which the children were brought, duly washed and combed, when their parents came to visit them, and this was the only room that the parents ever did see. On this floor Mrs. Schock had two rooms nicely furnished, while the back room was used as a sleeping-apartment for the children. The windows in this were out of repair, and there was snow and ice on the floor. The beds were made up, ready for the children to go to bed, but on being turned down they were found to be wet and dirty in the extreme. On the second floor were eight rooms, and two of these Mrs. Schock occupied, and these were comfortably heated and well furnished, but in the rooms occupied by the children there was no warmth, and, in fact, they were bitterly cold, the bedding being in the same condition as mentioned in the other room. On the third floor there was one large room, or rather skeleton of one, 70x35 feet, and in this the unfortunate children had been kept till the end of October. There were large holes in the walls, and, in reality, there was no lath or plaster about it, but just the studding and the weather-boards, and there was snow all over it.

The diet given to the children was terrible. For breakfast mush without any milk was served out in limited quantities, and the same bill of fare did for supper. For dinner there were occasionally potatoes, but the general thing was baked corn-meal without any salt. No meat or any butter ever regaled the palates of these unfortunate children, and Ella Scott, a little eight-year-old girl, told a pitiful story. She was suffering from sores, which she had caught from one of the little boy inmates, and, in addition, she was half starved, as she could not eat the mush. The baked corn-bread had no salt in it, and though it was dignified by the name of Johnny cake, the little one said it tasted like soap, and she always thought she was eating soap. Mary Decker, a girl of thirteen years of age, refused to talk, and it appears she was a favorite of Mrs. Schock and fared rather better than the rest. This description differs greatly from "the pure milk, pure air, large playgrounds," spoken of by Mrs. Schock, though to give her all the credit due her: "the airy sleeping apartments" were there, only a trifle too airy for the inmates. The unfortunate children were brought to the city by the Humane Society's officers, and comfortable quarters provided.

Mrs. Schock is a fine-appearing woman—tall, lithe, slender, though well-proportioned, with an intellectual, though cold, cynical and half-sorrowful countenance, set off with a wealth of golden hair just turning into gray. Either she has played a cunning, rascally scheme under the guise of a charity for a number of years in that city, imposing upon countless people of benevolent inclinations, or she is a most malignant and unfortunate woman, who has tried to do good and only partially succeeded.

## FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 38, Out Saturday, Dec. 29, contains: More Moral Mending; the raids on the east side dives illustrated and described. Dead on His Boy's Grave; illustrated. An Opera Singer's Cloak, and how it brought a high-toned artist into court; illustrated. Junius Brutus Booth's Money, which his daughter wants a share of; with portrait. A Western Lynching; illustrated and described. The Watertown Murder Trial; with portraits. Low Down Christmas; how the great Christian holiday was spent in the slums; the Christmas dinner of the tough, the swindler and the thief; rum and revelry up back courts and down in cellars; a characteristic wind-up; splendidly illustrated. On the Fly, No. 5; Romance of the Ring; the thrilling episode in real life related by a prominent New York physician. Sadie's Little Ad.; how the lively tragedienne made a hit off the stage, at the expense of a sister artist; with portrait. Sport in New York. Another Victim; how a very good man became a very bad man by touching the drama. Hunted to Death; or, The Doom of the Mountaineer. "On Der Square," No. 8. The Prompter, V.: William Warren. The Referee. The Prowler. The Billboard, etc. etc.

## THE ROGERS MURDER.

On Dec. 31, 1893, Chas. M. Rogers, living at 42 East Twelfth street, New York, stepped out of his residence about 7 o'clock in the morning. Two ruffians were passing at the time. One of them took off his light-drab overcoat and handed it to his taller companion, who shouted:

"Don't do it, Jim."

Jim paid no heed, but snatched the old man's watch, and jerked his pocket-book from his pocket. Rogers, though an old man, was game, and he grabbed the thief by the collar. The latter plunged a knife into his abdomen. It was daylight, the street was a public one, yet no one had seen the affray. The old man was found on his own door-steps dying, unable to give any intelligible account of the men, and two days after he died in a partially conscious state. The murderer, however, left behind clues—the sheath of his knife, his hat and a fragment of his coat. In a pocket of the coat was found the watch and wallet, and an envelope from which the letter had been removed, on which was written, "James Logan, N. Y. City. This will be handed you by Tom." The detectives hunted for a James Logan who had been lately discharged from the penitentiary, but Logan came and

surrendered himself, which act was accepted as proof of his innocence. The detectives then discovered that the letter had been written by a Sing Sing convict named Tom McGinney, alias Tim Rice, who in prison and out of it had been an intimate associate of Logan. This convict, wishing to communicate with his comrade, who had been discharged, sneaked down to the river with the intention of sending his missive by one of the hands of a sloop lying at the Sing Sing wharf. Finding the sloop deserted, he secreted himself in the vessel, and got to New York, carrying his own letter.

## STRANGLED TO DEATH.

## A Freshly Cut Rope Leads to the Arrest of the Supposed Murderer.

The body of William H. Kirk was found among the willows alongside of a little stream near Cummins-ville, in the suburbs of Cincinnati, on Dec. 27. A rope was about the neck, and the tongue protruded as if he had been strangled. There were also marks of blows on the top of the head. His wife says that he left home on Monday, the 24th, to go to Cheviot to buy a horse, and that she had not since heard from him. When the news of the finding of a dead body was published, she visited the Morgue, and found it was that of her husband.

Kirk was a teamster and hauled sand for builders. He used the same stables as John Neill, who is also a teamster. Detectives found in Neill's manger under a pile of kindling a cap and other articles belonging to Kirk, and he was arrested on the charge of committing the murder. A detective went to Neill's house and there found \$370. Mrs. Kirk said her husband had over \$400 in his possession, all in \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills. There were not many small bills among them. One bill was a new silver certificate. This corresponded exactly to the money found in Neill's house. Other money found on Neill's person made up more than \$400.

Neill denies his guilt, but fails to explain how he came by the cap and other articles of clothing that Kirk wore when last seen. The dead man when found was blindfolded with a handkerchief. The rope around his neck corresponded exactly to a freshly cut piece of rope found in Neill's stable, and the cut fits that in the rope in Neill's possession. It was this rope that furnished the first clue leading to Neill's arrest. Kirk had been sleeping in his stable on Ninth street since Monday. Hay-seed that was found on his clothing leads to the suspicion that he was murdered while asleep there and his body then taken and thrown among the willows near Cummins-ville.

## MURDERED IN A PETTY QUARREL.

A few months ago the residents of a school district in the bottoms, six miles west of Winchester, Ill., had a very hot contest over the location of a school-house. They divided into two factions and waged war on each other, and not until there were three contests at the polls, and as many fights, did they fix upon a permanent site for their school-house. This contest, however, created such a bitter feeling between the two factions, that it was feared that it would result in bloodshed. Wednesday night, the 19th ult., A. J. Davis, an old resident of the district, gave a dance at his house. Charles Sutton, John Sutton and Pres Sutton, brothers, and Ike Whitworth, members of one faction, repaired to the house, fully equipped for hostilities, and with the avowed purpose of precipitating a fight with the McKeever brothers and their friends, who sided with the other faction. Soon after the arrival of the Suttons at the house, war was declared. In the conflict, Adam Hill and George Snyder were killed. Hill's throat was cut from ear to ear by Charles Sutton. Snyder was killed by John Sutton, who shot him from behind with a 32-caliber revolver. Hill had taken no part in the fight. Snyder had engaged John Sutton in a hand-to-hand fight, but fell with a bullet in his back. The Suttons are now in jail.

## A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

Henry Babst, a young German of Belleville, Ill., fatally shot his sweetheart, Mary Hammer, at Wilder-man Station, Dec. 20, and then made his escape. The murderer was pursued by the villagers and overtaken at the railroad round-house, on the edge of the town of Wilder-man. In the meantime the authorities had been notified, when young Hugo Hoppequet, a son of the sheriff, proceeded to make the arrest. Babst was found at the round-house armed with a pistol, which he leveled at the officer as he approached. The officer was too quick, however, and, closing in on him, threw the pistol up, when it was discharged. The ball struck Babst in the right side of the neck, severing the jugular vein and causing his death inside of a few minutes. The girl, at last reports, was still alive, but has an ugly wound in her right side. She and Babst had been engaged.

## MORE GALLOW'S FRUIT.

[With Portraits.]

William and Luke Jones, two brother desperadoes, are awaiting execution in the jail of Jackson, Ohio, for the brutal murder of a respectable citizen, Anderson Lockey by name. The men, although young, were the terror of the section to which they belonged, and had often been at loggerheads with the authorities. Their last crime was entirely devoid of extenuating circumstances, the motives which prompted it being thirst for gain. They have been convicted of murder in the first degree, and the general opinion is that they will hang.

## MURDERED FOR HER MONEY.

Early on the morning of Dec. 23 an aged lady named Susan Gibbs, residing in a cottage near the Humber River, near Toronto, Can., was found brutally murdered. The place had apparently been entered during the night by burglars, who were determined to secure her wealth, of which she was reported to have large sums secreted in the house. She had evidently retired for the night before being disturbed, and the body bore traces of a desperate struggle before she was felled to the earth by a blow from a bludgeon or slungshot.

## UNPROVOKED MURDER.

About 6 o'clock on the evening of Dec. 19, while at supper in a restaurant, Enoch Ballentine, of Carmi, Ill., was shot in the head by Will C. Sanders, a young farmer, who resides near Cassville. There was no quarrel, and but few words passed. Sanders was in liquor, and it is supposed that an old grudge on account of a difficulty two or three years since prompted him to fire the shot. Sanders attempted to escape, but was held by Mr. Bollerman, the proprietor of the restaurant, the revolver wrested from his hands, and an officer soon arrived and took him to jail.





THEY WANTED TO HEAR A LITTLE MUSIC.

HOW A PARTY OF COWBOYS STOPPED A TRAIN AT AMERICAN FALLS, IDAHO, IN ORDER TO ENJOY THE LUXURY OF A CONCERT, AND FRIGHTENED THE PASSENGERS, WHO SUPPOSED THEY WERE IN THE HANDS OF DESPERATE HIGHWAYMEN



DOTHEBOY'S HALL IN CHICAGO.

THE CRUEL TREATMENT OF LITTLE CHILDREN BY MRS. ANN SCHOCK, A FEMALE SQUEERS, WHO RUN AN ESTABLISHMENT, ON A PRETENDED PHILANTHROPIC BASIS, IN THE GARDEN CITY.





AN EXHIBITION OF BULL-DOG FEROCITY.

THE DESPERATE DOG FIGHT NEAR WILKINSBURG, PA.,—THE VANQUISHED CANINE'S FURIOUS ATTACK ON HIS HANDLER.



A RAID ON A COCKPIT.

THE LIVELY MANNER IN WHICH THE SPECTATORS OF THE BIG COCKING MAIN AT LOGAN, OHIO, LIGHTED OUT UPON THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHERIFF'S SLEIGH.



## THE PRIZE RING.

## Recent and Coming Events in the Fistic Arena.

## Paddy Ryan not to Meet Sullivan at San Francisco—Will Dutchy Fight Norton?

It now transpires that the four-round glove contest between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan will not take place in San Francisco. On Dec. 27 Ryan notified Parson Chas. E. Davies, at Chicago, that on account of the sickness of his mother he could not go to San Francisco to meet Sullivan. Davies has thrown up the sponge, and says that Ryan has "flunked." Ryan was billed for sparring exhibitions all through the Northwest, but the dates are now to be canceled.

Up to the time of going to press no match had been arranged between Young Dutchy, the light-weight champion of Australia, and Charley Norton, the present holder of the light-weight championship of America. Norton's \$250 are still at this office, and both Norton and his backer ready to arrange a match. Young Dutchy has been notified that Norton is willing to fight according to the terms proposed by Dutchy, but neither Dutchy nor his backer have replied, which intimates that Dutchy's challenge was only an advertisement. If Dutchy intends business, and was in earnest to fight any man in America for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side, why did he not put up a forfeit and issue his challenge in a business-like manner? Since Dutchy has virtually backed out, there is little prospect that Charley Norton will find a customer to enter the arena at present and fight him for the light-weight championship. It is reported that Dutchy is laid up for repairs at San Francisco, and that he is suffering from the effects of a large carbuncle, which doctors have had to cut out. In the meantime, Norton says that he is open to fight any man in the world for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side, no matter who the pugilist is, providing he does not exceed 133 pounds, and that \$250 is posted to back up the challenge.

On Dec. 22, 1933, Charley Johnston, of Fulton street, Brooklyn, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and withdrew the \$250 he posted as a forfeit when he authorized a challenge to be published in the POLICE GAZETTE, offering to match Joe Pendergast, the Brooklyn Hercules, to fight any man in America according to the rules of the London prize ring, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. It was just two months, lacking two days, since Pendergast's money was posted and the challenge issued. Johnston, finding that none of the pugilists would agree to fight Pendergast, claimed for the latter the title of champion and withdrew the \$250. It appears very strange that with half a dozen heavy-weight champions, or willing to be styled champions, in the field that none of them have the courage to meet Pendergast. No one can blame John L. Sullivan, because he states he will not fight again for the championship according to the London prize ring rules, but he will meet all comers with the gloves according to POLICE GAZETTE boxing rules, but there is Herbert A. Slade, Paddy Ryan, Wm. Sheriff (the Prussian) who claim to be eager to shine as champions, and yet they allow a novice to challenge them and to back up his deft with a deposit of \$250, and refuse to fight him.

If Tom Allen, Joe Goss, Joe Coburn and old Bill Davis were in their prime, Johnston's money would have been covered without any delay.

We have received a letter from Charley Mitchell. He states he is increasing his avoirdupois, and will return to New York in February, when he will fight any man in America and tackle the best man first.

Billy Williams and Jerry Slattery were recently promised a purse of \$50 by Harry Maynard, of San Francisco. The pugilists met and it was decided they should box according to Marquis of Queensberry rules. Five rounds were fought when both pugilists agreed to fight no longer. Few persons were present, and the manager gathered in only \$17. The pugilists, seeing a poor prospect of getting \$50, decided that they had fought long enough.

John L. Murphy, the pugilist of Leadville, after making a great flourish of trumpets and offering to fight any man in Colorado, refused to arrange a match with Tom Walling, who agreed to fight Murphy. We have received a communication from Harry Webb, the proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Palace, at Leadville, in which he says that Walling has informed the sporting editor of the Leadville Herald that he will fight Murphy with bare knuckles for \$25 and upward. We understand that Harry Webb has offered to subscribe to a purse, and several other sporting men have promised to make the stakes worth fighting for, if Murphy will agree to meet Walling on the turf with bare knuckles, the best man to win. If Murphy is not one of the "newspaper pugilists" he alludes to, he is now afforded an excellent opportunity of showing what he can do.

Libby Ross, the first female champion boxer of this country, arrived recently in Gotham, and she has again doubled up with Carrie Edwards, and appeared at Harry Hill's last week. Libby Ross was the first of the female class of boxers who followed in the footsteps of Mlle. De Omer in the art of boxing. She was a pupil of Jimmy Kelly, who is now traveling with Jerry Murphy, and is, without a doubt, the best of her class. Libby Ross about two years ago left this city on a boxing tour, and while displaying her abilities at Pensacola made a great hit, for she knocked against an admirer with such force that he fell in love with her, and a wedding was the result. Poverty finally came in at the door and love flew out of the window, which accounts for the female champion's return to this city. She is ready to box any female in America, no matter whether it is Mlle. De Omer, Alice Livingston, Daisy Daly, Rose Marshall, May Livingstone or Alice Jennings. If any of the above have an idea they excel in boxing they should accept the offer of Libby Ross.

Duncan C. Ross, the champion athlete of the world, is now located in a first-class sporting house, in Ontario street, Cleveland. He has expended over \$5,000 in the house and gymnasium, and it is the principal sporting resort in that section. By the way, Ross has a pugilist whom he will match to box any man in America four rounds by Queensberry rules. Who the unknown is, is at present a mystery, and will put the fancy thinking.

Tom McAlpine, the noted pugilist trainer and boxing teacher, had a packed house at his benefit at the Ger-

mania Assembly Rooms, New York, on the 27th ult. It was a first-class show, and the receipts swelled McAlpine's bank exchequer.

At Tonawanda, N. Y., on the 19th ult., Billy S. Layton, of Philadelphia, and Daniel Gallagher, fought for \$100. The match grew out of a dispute as to the ability of the contestants at a friendly set-to some weeks ago, and it was agreed that the matter should be settled in a different manner by an engagement within the charmed circle. The articles of agreement which were signed required that Gallagher should "stop" Layton in eight rounds, the men to fight two minutes and rest half a minute. Marquis of Queensberry rules governed the proceedings. Layton was seconded by Johnnie Williams, and Gallagher by William Barker. Martin Ford was referee. The entire eight rounds were fought, and resulted in Gallagher's failure to knock out his opponent. Gallagher forced the fighting from the first, and continued to do so. This he was of necessity compelled to do in order to accomplish the task he had set out to perform. He weighed a trifle over 150 pounds, and his adversary 145. Layton was constantly on the alert and contented himself in acting on the defensive. In the first round Gallagher planted two blows on Layton's face, and for some reason did not follow up the advantage. His blows were all aimed for the face, neck and head. In the third round, just as he was about to deliver a wicked blow, Layton cowardly went down on his knees to avoid punishment. Gallagher's seconds claimed a foul, but the referee was not paying close attention, and Williams, alleging that his man had slipped, the foul was not allowed. In this round Gallagher gained first blood. There were some sharp blows from both sides in the last four rounds. In the seventh and eighth the Buffalo man showed considerable ugliness and hammered his opponent heavily several times, but it was too late. Layton managed to get away even though when fought over the ropes once or twice. At the finish of the eighth round he was still incapable of standing on his feet and able to continue the struggle, but the end had been reached and he was awarded the stakes. Gallagher disappointed his friends, and they did not attempt to conceal their chagrin.

A slashing glove fight was decided at Trumansville Hall, Roskill Falls, N. Y., on Dec. 19, between Tommy Henry, of Manchester, who stands 5 feet 7 inches and weighs 140 pounds, and Jim Haley, of Lowell, who stands 5 feet 5 inches and weighs 130 pounds. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules.

The first round began with Henry the favorite among the moneyed men. Haley's nose got a good left-handed hit, and Henry, who seemed rather nervous, suffered his cheek to catch the professor's reciprocal counter. Henry then caught his nerve and touched the professor under the chin, dropping him sprawling to the floor. Haley picked himself up readily, and several vigorous punches were exchanged before a rest was taken.

Haley gave Henry's nose a sound thump as an opener of the second round, and this riled Henry, who fiercely rushed at the professor, but slipped, the latter succeeding in giving his falling antagonist a knock that sent him over the rope. Henry jumped back and the fight was resumed with spirit. The professor had adopted clinching tactics, and was thus gaining breath, when time was called.

The mob was fired with excitement by the time the thirty-eighth round opened, and money did some brave talking. Haley kept at his clinching, and worked Henry over against the ropes. At this point a dozen roughs jumped into the ring, and the spectators generally jumped to their feet and began to shout. Twenty-five or thirty peace lovers went to the rope, however, and, grabbing the too eager roughs, pulled them out by the feet, and the excitement then fell to its normal heat.

In the forty-fourth round the clinching was kept up by the Lowell man, and little fighting was done before time was called, and the manager declared the fight finished with no knock-outs, and the result a draw. The fight was for \$200 and the gate money, \$1 a head, but the manager declares that he will hold on to the money till the men fight it out, one way or the other. The crowd approved the announcement and lusty yells went up for more fighting, one man crying, "Shed them muffs and give us a little blood." Some of the men who had money up began a fight, and a riot was only headed off by the manager appearing and assuring the crowd that he believed he could arrange the knuckle fight between the two men, which, if agreed upon, would be duly tipped. Haley displayed the most science, while Henry was the stronger man, and every one who had no money on the event was ready to agree that a better fight was never seen by a Trojan. The policeman, whose eyes stood out like tea-cups at every stormy point, remarked as he resumed his beat that he would have pulled the house if another round had been commenced.

A bare-knuckle fight has been arranged between Henry and Hurs', of Hamilton, Ont., but neither date nor place has been announced.

## DEW'S DROP TOO MUCH.

On the night of Dec. 19, between 11 and 12 o'clock, Mark Dew, of Nelsonville, Ohio, shot John Prindible, of Lancaster, in the left breast, just above the heart, the ball ranging upward. The shooting occurred in John VanHorn's saloon, near the depot, of Logan, Ohio. Dew was arrested and placed in jail, as was his girl, Maggie Krihn, who, it is claimed, said to Dew just before he fired, "Shoot the — of a —."

It seems from all that can be learned that there was no fuss or hard words between the parties, who had been playing pool, and while at the bar drinking. Prindible was twitting Dew about the poor game he played, when the girl used the remark as alleged, and Dew commenced firing, one shot out of four taking effect.

## KILLED WITHOUT JUST CAUSE.

A. J. Coursey, living one mile south of Allenville, Mo., was shot and instantly killed by his son, Red Coursey, in the middle of the night Dec. 25. Young Coursey came to town and gave himself up to Squire Hinton, who, with a jury, held an inquest on the remains. Constable Maag then took the prisoner to Jackson to await the action of the Grand Jury. The facts, as shown at the inquest, were that the old man and the son slept in separate rooms. In the middle of the night the son was awakened by his father making a great disturbance in the other room, his mother and the rest of the family crying murder. He got up and deliberately shot his father through the door, killing him instantly.

## SARAH'S HORSEWHIP.

## The Great Parisian Tragedienne Wreak's Vengeance in Yankee Fashion on a Malignant Rival.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The horsewhipping, on Dec. 18, of Marie Colomblor, the French actress, by Sarah Bernhardt, the great tragedienne, for a moment made Parisians forget everything else, not excepting the Tonquin difficulty. The event was a direct outcome of the appearance of Miss Colomblor's book entitled "Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt," a work full of the vilest mud, purporting to be the memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt, the authoress' ex-friend and directress during her tour in America. Marie Colomblor begins with Sarah Bernhardt in the cradle, drags her whole life through the mire, and winds up with a terrible *soi-disant* prophecy, where Sarah is represented dying, and having cut open her head and face from striking the bedstead during an attack of delirium tremens.

The first result of this abominable book was a duel on the morning of its issue, between Octave Mirbeau, who wrote a scathing criticism of the work, and M. Paul Bonnetain, who wrote the preface to the same. M. Bonnetain received two slight wounds. M. Bonnetain's seconds were Prince Karageorgovitch and the Marquis de Talleyrand. The duel begun in the morning by the men was continued in the afternoon by the women, and under the most unique circumstances.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt went in the morning to see M. Clement, Commissaire aux Delegations Judiciaires, to find out whether the law did not give her the right to seize the book and stop its sale. Being told that she must first take legal proceedings and await the decision of the judges, Sarah Bernhardt went home again. Meanwhile, Maurice Bernhardt, assuming the obligation of avenging his mother's honor, hastened to the apartment of M. Bonnetain, but finding that he had already gone out to fight a duel with M. Mirbeau, he changed his mind, and went to No. 9 Rue de Thann, where Marie Colomblor resides.

"I shall not lower myself by striking a woman," said he to her, "but I warn you if you talk any more about my mother *vous avez affaire a moi*." Maurice then went home. Meanwhile Sarah Bernhardt, with her blood thoroughly aroused and too impatient to wait for legal technicalities to suppress the book, took justice into her own hands and sallied forth, armed, not with a sword, nor a revolver, nor a mitrailleuse, but with a plain, stout horsewhip. She drove straight to the apartment of Marie Colomblor. At the moment of her departure Sarah, boiling over with fury, did not conceal what she meant to do, and her friends present—namely, Mlle. Antonine, M.M. Jean Richepin and Kira Bernhardt—who knew well where a woman's anger begins, but not at all where it ends, also jumped into a carriage and followed Sarah.

Arrived at the Rue de Thann, Sarah glided up the staircase and rang the bell. The moment the servant opened the door she darted like lightning into the *salon* and suddenly found herself face to face with Marie Colomblor. The two women for an instant eyed each other, then like a hungry tigress Sarah sprang at Marie Colomblor, vociferating murderous epithets, and lashed her adversary straight across the face with her horsewhip. Mlle. Colomblor shrieked with pain and rage. She was not alone, for M. Jehan Soudan and Mlle. Defresnes happened to be visiting her. M. Jehan Soudan burst into the room to separate the two women. He tried to seize Sarah in his arms to hold her down, but at the same moment M. Jean Richepin, who had just arrived behind Sarah, dashed open the door and clutched M. Soudan by the throat.

Sarah again sprang at Colomblor, lashing and cutting her with the whip. M. Maurice Bernhardt, M. Kira Bernhardt and Mlle. Antonine arrived upon the scene of the drama. Mlle. Colomblor turned and fled, Sarah darting after her with the rapidity of lightning, and lashing her with her whip. The wild pursuit continued into one room and out of another, nobody being able to stop them, Sarah and her victim jumping over chairs and tables, and dashing into a thousand pieces mirrors, *etageres*, *bibelots* and pictures, Sarah all the time whipping Marie, who was shrieking with pain and terror.

At last Mlle. Colomblor managed to escape by the servants' stairway. Sarah Bernhardt, utterly exhausted, but revenged, withdrew. In passing through the front door Sarah Bernhardt showed her horsewhip to the concierge, exclaiming: "Marshal Canrobert gave me this, but I give it to you. Now that it has touched so vile a creature as Mlle. Colomblor, I have no more need of it."

## A DESPERATE DOG FIGHT.

## The Defeated Beast's Furious Onslaught on His Handler.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We give this week an illustration of one of the most remarkable dog fights that ever occurred in this country. It took place at Wilkinsburg, in Western Pennsylvania, a couple of weeks ago.

The affair was very select, and in addition to the backers and handlers of the dogs, there were not more than ten or twelve persons present. The contest was between a Lawrenceville dog named Nell, and an imported canine of Jem Mace's named Jim. It was for \$250 a side. After the tasting process had been gone through with the dogs were let loose, and with a rush they met in the center of the pit. Both dogs gained neck holds, and from the first clinch it was apparent that the dogs were both game enough to suit even the most ardent admirer of a rattling canine argument. They both wrestled well, and for 12 minutes they struggled all over the pit. At the end of that time the referee called break, and the dogs were seized by their respective handlers. After giving them a sponging and a dose of stimulants, at the call of time both were released and they sprang at each other. They had scarcely met until Jim was thrown upon his back, and Nell was seen to have a tight hold upon his right fore leg. Half turning upon his side, the dog managed to gain a hold upon the breast of his antagonist. As soon as this was perceived by Nell's backers, they began to fear that she would be worsted in the fight, but with a dexterous twist of her body she succeeded in relieving herself and at the same time breaking the breast-hold of the imported fighter, although the break on the part of Jim was scarcely noticed until he had gripped Nell's left fore leg. A vigorous chewing match then ensued, continuing for a short time until both dogs rose in the air on their hind feet, and falling upon their sides caused a break, and time was called for the second time by the referee. The fight had then been in progress for 28 minutes, and when time was again called

Jim made a dash into Nell's corner, but Nell crouched low, and, seizing Jim by the throat, threw him on his back. For a short time he could not break the hold, and he was getting the worst of the battle. By a dexterous turn he succeeded in grasping the right fore leg of Nell, and from his actions and work, it seemed as though he were frenzied. For 15 minutes they struggled around the ring until at last both holds were broken and a grab was made for them by the handlers. As the handler of Jim clutched at him, the dog turned and sunk his teeth into his right hand. In vain he tried to break the hold of the dog. In his efforts he was assisted by several men, but no break could be made; the teeth were there to stay. At this point a knife was given the handler, with the advice that he cut the throat of the dog. The advice was no sooner given than it was acted upon. The knife was plunged into the throat of the dog, but he held his hold, although in his death-struggles. An iron poker was procured and thrust into the dog's mouth, which was forced open and the man released. After the fight a well-known sporting man offered \$150 for the successful dog.

## A VAIN SEARCH FOR MR. COLLINS.

## The Neat Dodge by which Mr. Kohlfahl Skinned a Score of Embryo Pinkertons.

John Kohlfahl, styling himself a private detective, has been arrested by the police of New York city charged with wholesale swindling. His detective business was of a very private nature, and consisted mainly in detecting innocent countrymen who thought themselves embryo Pinkertons with a brilliant career before them. He did it by means of an advertisement in the *Staats-Zeitung* calling for Germans competent for important detective service. Kohlfahl's office was at No. 23 Broadway, rooms 12 and 13, and the investigation of mysterious murders and disappearances was set forth as his specialty.

As one poor fellow after another bit at the bait he was engaged and furnished with a picture of "Thomas Collins," a beastly criminal whom he was charged with looking up. The trust being important, however, a cash security was exacted of him, the surrender of which forthwith ended Mr. Kohlfahl's career as an employer. He took all that was to be got out of his victim, making a clean job of it at once, and left him to turn to the next victim. Kohlfahl only appeared at his office when informed by his clerk that a new man had walked into the net.

The police were informed of his little game by Franz Hollinking, who was one of the victims and obtained a warrant for Kohlfahl's arrest. They have since obtained similar complaints from the following persons, all of whom have been fleeced within the last three months, and constitute probably a small part only of the "detective's" victims: George Katz, Jersey City, "security" paid, \$200; John Gobel, No. 3 Weehawken street, Hoboken, \$50; John Degenring, Jersey City, \$85; J. Dinkel, Hackensack, \$100; John Jacobs, No. 410 East Fifth street, \$50. Each complaint will turn a separate charge. Kohlfahl was arrested at his house, No. 43 Walton street, Brooklyn. His wife insisted that he was out. "Collins" has not yet been found.

## THEY WANTED SOME MUSIC.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The passengers on a West-bound express train on the Oregon Short Line, had a big scare, the other night, at American Falls, Idaho, but after the fright was over, all enjoyed the fun. As the train was speeding along, it was suddenly stopped by a band of rough-looking men riding up to the cars and demanding that the train should be stopped. They leveled their guns and pistols at engineer and fireman and called a halt. The terrified railroad men obeyed the summons, and two of the attacking party clambered on to the engine, and, holding revolvers at the heads of the frightened men, threatened instant death if the train was moved.

The rest of the gang rode up to the cars and the passengers began to think that they were in the hands of a band of road agents. They were much astonished when the leader of the gang informed the superintendent of the road, who happened to be on board, and who came out holding up both hands in the style supposed to be agreeable to gentlemanly highwaymen, that they did not want any money, all they wanted was a little music and they were bound to get it. The train was carrying an excursion party from Salt Lake City and they had a brass band along; the rollicking cow-boys of the neighborhood hearing of this, determined to have some music. Some of them had not heard a band for six years. They compelled the frightened band to march out and give them a serenade, when the train was allowed to depart in peace.

## WHOLESALE KILLING IN TEXAS.

McDade, a small town in Texas, was the scene of a sanguinary affair Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. At 11:30 P. M. on the 24th, Henry Pfeiffer, Wright McLeone and Thad McLeone were taken from a saloon by fifty well armed, masked men and carried a mile into the brush, where they were hanged to a tree. Thad McLeone was under arrest at the time, having been taken early in the evening on a charge of burglary, preferred by S. J. Walker. The other two happened to be present when the lynchers arrived. Pfeiffer was under indictment for horse theft.

The day following this six men, friends and relatives of the men hanged, went to McDade, picked a quarrel with Tom Bishop and Geo. Millom, and a fight with shotguns and revolvers ensued. Jack Bayley and Asa Bayley were killed, and Hayward Bayley was badly wounded. The remaining three escaped. Willis Griffin, of McDade, while assisting Millom and Bishop to defend themselves, was shot through the head and mortally wounded by Hayward Bayley.

The excitement attending the fights ran so high that troops were finally telegraphed for. Their arrival put an end to the scene of the disorders, during which almost a dozen men were either killed or wounded.

## MURDERED IN A BRAWL.

At one o'clock Christmas morning Henry Schroder and half a dozen friends went to George Ossare's saloon, Cleveland, Ohio, and demanded drinks. Mrs. Ossare, who was tending bar, refused to sell to them because they were drunk. Ossare and his brother-in-law, Edward Eyring, put them out, whereupon the party bombarded the saloon with empty beer-kegs, which were on the sidewalk. Eyring took a shot-gun and fired through a window, fatally wounding Schroder, who died within fifteen minutes. Eyring gave himself up.



## A NOBLE'S SUICIDE.

## The Sad Romance of Young Baron Von Sternberger.

Obliged to Flee from his Home and Separated from his Betrothed, he Kills Himself in New York City.

[With Portraits.]

Richard Von Sternberger, a young German of good family, committed suicide under most peculiar circumstances at his lodgings on Second avenue, New York city, early on Christmas morning. Disappointed love was the cause for the act. The young man had no relatives in this country. He came here a little over a year ago, and for a time found employment in a restaurant in Brooklyn. This was not congenial to him, and he obtained work soon in Hesse's drug store. He was being taught the business by Mr. Hesse, who, during his pupilage, paid him \$1 a week and his expenses.

Von Sternberger was a handsome fellow and well educated. When he first went to Mr. Hesse he was very reticent in regard to his family history and his antecedents, but when he had become better acquainted with him he talked more freely about himself. From what he said it was gathered that he was the son of Baron Von Sternberger, a very wealthy man of high connections resident in Bonn. He had graduated from the university at Bonn, and had taken a post-graduate course in philosophy. His father was dead, and the estate was placed in the hands of trustees for the benefit of the heirs. His guardian was one of the professors at the university.

While at the university and after the close of his studies there, Von Sternberger had been wild and extravagant and had run into debt. He became enamored of Fraulein Maria Marx, a daughter of a wealthy gentleman who lives at the Castle of Heiderhof, on the Rhine. His suit was well received by the young lady, and they were betrothed. Through his wild extravagances Von Sternberger got so deeply in debt that he was frowned upon by the family of his betrothed, and they endeavored to separate the young couple. He also told Mr. Hesse that he had fought a duel on account of Fraulein Marx, and that he killed his opponent; on this account he was compelled to fly from Germany and take refuge in this country. The income from his patrimony was about \$125 per week, but his guardian remitted him only \$35 per month, the balance being retained to satisfy his debts.

During his absence the family of his betrothed were persistent in their attempts to induce her to marry a rich landowner living near the castle in which they resided, but for a long time she was faithful to Von Sternberger. She wrote to him frequently, imploring him to return and fulfill his pledge to her, but his circumstances were such that he could not comply with her request. Recently he wrote to her that it would be impossible for him to return to Germany in less than six years, and in reply he received a long letter, which was found among his effects. The letter was written in a beautiful hand on fine note paper, and was evidently from an educated and accomplished woman. The German in which it was written was faultless. The translation of it is as follows:

*My Ever and Only Beloved:*

This is the last time I dare to call you such. I never thought it possible. The mere idea of it is enough to drive me mad. That now has become a certainty. We are bound to part. How I have thought it all over the last weeks, and tried to get a last anchor of hope, but I am hopeless. I have stood alone weeping and praying, and on the other side everybody against me. I asked them to desist from threatening me, but the threats of other people force me to write this letter. I received your letter, and with that letter my last hope was gone. Six years! An endless long time, which will change many things. I fully believe that you love me, but that long time may cool off your love. When you come back you will be just in the prime of your years, but I, on the other side, will have lost the bloom of youth. I am a woman. You, however, are bound by your word, and would not hesitate a moment to keep it, even if you would be made unhappy, and, rather than put you to that sorrow, I will not hold you to your pledge any longer. I love you too much to draw you into unhappiness, and it is quite enough if one is unhappy. My parents and sisters refuse their consent, and never will give it to me. I am entirely in their power. If you could have come back in one or two years, as you at the time promised me, I would have withstood all their threats, but the last hope is gone. I lose my hold. I see the end only too plainly. Richard, Richard, why did you teach me the highest felicity in the world, only now to let me sink into misery? If you had been frank before you went away, perhaps everything would have been satisfactory, but now it is too late. I forgive you with all my heart, and beg you to do the same with me in case the present suffer injures your feelings. God is my witness how I suffer under this infliction. Later on you will find that I only tried to seek your happiness. I will daily pray for you, and whenever anything happens to you that is good, think that I have prayed to God for you. How infinitely I love you! I thought that I could overcome everything. You were my first young love, and ever will remain so, because I belong to those natures that only can love once. In whatever circumstances I may be, do not forget that my love belongs to you forever and through all eternity. Whenever you are in want of a true friend, then come to me. Promise that to me, for that is the least I can ask for.

One request I have to make of you. Leave me your photograph and your letters and the betrothal ring for memory's sake. All the other pretty presents are at your disposal. Please say what you want me to do with them. My letters and those few things you have of me I pray you to keep in memory of me; but if they should be unpleasant to you, please burn them. Now this dream comes to an end. It was so joyful, but like all dreams it must vanish, whether they have a joyful or a sorrowful waking, and as God pleases. As to me, everything is immaterial. Whatever may come, life has lost its charm for me. If only I were dead! Farewell, farewell, my Richard. May you be happy. Beloved of my heart, farewell.

MARIA.

Von Sternberger sent an answer to this letter three weeks ago, inclosing in it a colored photograph of himself as a souvenir to his betrothed. He did not appear at all despondent, and Monday night was in gay spirits than he had been for a long time. He got into his bed about midnight.

When Mr. Hesse arose at 8 o'clock Christmas morning Von Sternberger was still asleep. Hesse tried to

rouse him, but failed, and then noticed that he was breathing heavily and was evidently in a stupor. His efforts to rouse him failing, Hesse went for a neighbor and friend of Von Sternberger's named Niederstein, and when they both failed to wake up the sleeping man they became alarmed and called in a policeman. An ambulance was summoned from the Presbyterian Hospital, and the surgeon who came with it found that Von Sternberger was suffering from morphine poisoning. The unconscious man was taken to the hospital, where, despite all the efforts of the surgeons in attendance, he died at noon without having regained consciousness. It was found that he had taken a dose of morphine from a bottle containing the drug in the store. The note which he had written before retiring was found on the prescription desk. It was in German and the handwriting showed that the writer was laboring under great excitement. Some passages in it were scarcely decipherable. It was addressed to Mr. Niederstein, and a translation of it reads as follows:

*My Dear Mr. Niederstein:*

Please receive the last wishes from one who loved you very much. All my possessions are yours, and I bequeath them to you. I have taken all other necessary steps. You were my best friend, and I loved and honored you unto death. May every prosperity attend you and your good family through life. Think often of Von Sternberger, who loved you so much during life. I am so excited that I scarcely know what I write. Don't forget my dear sweetheart. I have never been untrue to her all my life. My heartfelt greeting to you again and again. Don't forget my dear, sweet beloved. I am beside myself with excitement. Farewell forever. VON STERNBERGER.

The remains will be sent to Germany.

## BILLY MCGLORY'S TUMBLE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Billy McGlory, the glory of Hester street, took a tumble on Wednesday evening, Dec. 19. He made a bet that he would drive from the stable, at 33 Second avenue, to One Hundred and Thirty-second street and Seventh avenue, before any one of three gentlemen who were starting out for a sleigh-ride would get there. And he was bound to do it, or break something. His bet was instantly taken, and Stabileman Nicholson without delay harnessed four horses to as many sleighs. The last animal, which was hitched to a dark-colored, single sleigh, was the \$1,500 sorrel horse that has on several occasions excited the marveling attention of millionaires driving on the Boulevard. Mr. McGlory sprang into the sleigh and buried himself in a buffalo robe with a crimson satin lining, and the four turn-outs dashed off in as many different directions for One Hundred and Thirty-second street.

The \$1,500 sorrel took to Lexington avenue and astonished the people on that thoroughfare all the way to Ninety-sixth street. There he greatly astonished Mr. McGlory, of Hester street. Mr. McGlory desired to accomplish a short cut through that street to gain One Hundred and Thirty-second street first. He yanked the rein, and the \$1,500 sorrel, without warning, kicked up his hind left heel and jerked the \$500 sleigh against the rock. The left runner went to smash at once, and Mr. McGlory sailed through the air in a graceful curve and landed head first in the snow. The \$1,500 sorrel meantime had resumed his thrilling gait, and he dragged the dismounted driver several rods.

Mr. McGlory disentangled his arm from the reins, and climbing to his feet with difficulty, gazed reproachfully after the \$1,500 sorrel. The animal turned into Third avenue, and, disconcerted by the cries of some 500 people who dashed after the broken sleigh, was finally caught by Policeman Pertell. Fifteen minutes later Mr. McGlory, extremely lame in his left shoulder and with a general air of resignation about his somber eye, walked into the Eighty-eighth street station, and meeting Sergeant Lewis who had left his desk to gaze with surprise at the \$1,500 sorrel, gasped:

"That horse belongs to me, but for heaven's sake don't give it away, or I'll never hear the last of it."

Mr. McGlory ruefully examined his damaged seal-skin overcoat, evasively registered on the blotter as "William McGlory, 354 West Sixteenth street," hired a private policeman to take the \$1,500 sorrel back to 33 Second avenue, and rode home in a street car.

## FIGHTING FOR HER PET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A woman living near Glendive, in Dawson county, Montana, exhibited a wonderful coolness and nerve, a few days ago. She was the owner of a pet dog which was playing in the yard with another dog of about the same age and complexion. Suddenly the canine gave a yelp of almost mortal terror as a large eagle with wings of more ample proportions than a blacksmith's apron, swooped down from the blue empyrean of heaven, and picked up the little cur in his muscular talons. With the true Western grit this noble representative of a noble sex flew into the kitchen, where her husband kept his trusty shotgun. She bounced out of the front door, gun in hand, and discerned the carnivorous emblem of our national liberties with her yellow poodle grasped convulsively but firmly in its claws. For a moment she ran her trained eye along the barrel of the gun in the direction of the larcenous bird, closed her liquid orbs with a shudder and banged away. When she opened them the eagle was prospecting in interstellar space and the dog lay scattered around in fragments all over the yard. She wept bitter tears, and as she picked up the pieces and told her youngest boy to grease the sausage machine she swore in broken Missouri, and with many a bitter sob, everlasting war on the shotgun policy.

## CONVICTED OF MURDER.

Dan Jones was convicted of murder in the United States Court at Fort Smith, Ark., on Dec. 22, for the crime of murder in killing one Bill Jones in the Indian country, about sixty miles from that place, on August 6, 1879. The circumstances of the killing are as follows: About 1875 Dan, the murderer, was convicted of a crime in Texas, and imprisoned in the penitentiary there for three years. Having a wife and two children in Scott county, Ark., he left them in charge of his cousin Bill, the murdered man. On returning to his family from the penitentiary, Dan found a new arrival in his house, of which his wife was the mother and Bill the father. The two men associated together, apparently friends, for two or three months, committing depredations in Scott county, Ark., and upon being pursued by the officers of the law fled to the inland country, Bill finding a wife and living with the family of Dan until killed about midnight, after being in the territory one week. The circumstances shown conclusively that Dan shot Bill while asleep, shooting him through the head and killing him instantly.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DON'T FAIL TO GET IT;

The Great Supplement, representing the fight between Broome and Hannan in 1811. Suitable for framing, for every saloon, sporting house and other public resort. Given free with No. 323 of the POLICE GAZETTE. Paper and picture 10 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Police Gazette Publishing House, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Beware of imitations. The only papers published by Richard K. Fox are the POLICE GAZETTE and ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. See that you get them.

H. W., Elkhart, Ind.—See answer to P. B.  
S. G., New Haven, Conn.—Bill Poole was 5 ft 9½ in in height.  
B. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—We do not advertise minstrel shows gratis.

DANNIE B. & M. S. J., Louisville, Ky.—Sam Collyer's height is 5 ft 5½ in.

J. Y., Flagstaff, A. T.—If you bet that London is the largest city then you win.

D. C., Cincinnati, Ohio.—You will have to abide by the referee's decision.

G. A., Washington, D. C.—Send on a forfeit and we will publish your challenge.

P. E., Kansas City.—At the end of the battle Heenan was fighting with Sayer's seconds.

W. N. S., Baltimore, Md.—Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly are feather-weight pugilists.

W. S., Savannah, Ga.—Arthur Chambers has retired from the ring, and publicly stated that fact.

D. S., Boston.—Gladiator ran 1 mile 17 yards in 1:39, at Newmarket, England, in May, 1865, so it was claimed.

H. W., Boston, Mass.—J. H. McLaughlin defeated John McMahon at Chicago, 2 No. 1; they wrestled in harness.

S. W., Algiers, La.—Heyster, the Oak of the Rhine, weighs 315 lbs, Sullivan, not trained, 201 lbs, in condition, 180 lbs.

C. C. C., Gunnison, Col.—Write to Street & Smith, No. 31 Rose street, New York city. I think they can furnish you with the song.

CONSTANT READER, Kyrlestown, Pa.—The Athletic Baseball Club belongs to Philadelphia. What do you mean about the championship?

J. F., St. Paul, Minn.—In the year 1850 Lord Zetland's Voltigeur ran a dead heat with Mr. Mangan's Rushborough for the St. Leger.

S. W., Woodhull, Ill.—J. Jem Belcher, the English pugilist, was born in Bristol, Eng., in 1761. 2. He died in London, England, in 1831.

G. Keyport, N. J.—1. Frank Queen did not send a representative to the Ryan and Sullivan fight. 2. Ryan's jaw was not broken.

P. E., Corvinton, Ky.—The best running jump, with artificial aid, is 29 ft 7 in, made by John Howard, at Chester, England, May 6, 1854.

D. S., Port Chester, N. Y.—Johnny Broome beat Jack Hannan in 47 rounds, after a desperate battle, which lasted 1h and 19m, on Jan. 26, 1841.

B. H., Baltimore, Md.—The longest standing jump on record is 14 ft 5½ in, made by G. W. Hamilton, on Oct. 3, 1879, at Romeo, Mich.

P. J. D., Rochester, N. Y.—Ben Hogan's (the pugilist) right name is Benedict Hagan. He was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1844.

M. W., Seymour, Ind.—1. The best hand-lift on record was made by David L. Dowd, at Springfield, Mass., on Jan. 6, 1881. 2. He lifted 1,317 lbs.

B. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. After Heenan fought Sayers he returned to New York in July, 1860. 2. On Dec. 10, 1863, he fought John C. Heenan.

J. K., Newark, N. J.—1. Jacko was a 13-lb black-and-tan terrier. 2. Owned by James Shaw, the great English dog fancier. 3. Only four times.

ELMIRA SUBSCRIBER, Elmira, N. Y.—The best standing high jump was made by E. W. Johnston, at Baltimore, Md., May 27, 1878, viz: 5 ft 3 in.

A. A., Oakland, Cal.—Joe Winrow and Yankee Sullivan were to have fought for \$5,000 aside, in California, in October, 1865, but the match fell through.

J. M., Detroit, Mich.—1. John C. Heenan did die at Green River Station, Wyoming Territory, Oct. 25, 1873. 2. Running time in England, is not reliable.

P. J. D., Pottsville, Pa.—Tom Allen was beaten by Charley Gallagher, after fighting 2 rounds, lasting 3m, at Carroll Island, St. Louis, on Feb. 23, 1869.

D. D., Melrose, N. Y.—1. Bill Poole was not a prize-fighter. 2. Jack Sheppard was a pedestrian. 3. You probably mean Patsy Sheppard, of Boston, Mass.

D. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Joe Coburn was born at Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 20, 1835. 2. No, he was never beaten in the prize ring.

A. A., St. Louis, Mo.—James Weeden, the Pittsburgh pugilist, was born May 10, 1850, at Kendal, England. He stands 5 ft 5½ in, and weighs, in condition, 125 lbs.

M. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. On Oct. 8, 1861, L. E. Myers started to beat 2:18 at 1,000 yards, and he covered the distance in 2:13. 2. He ran the first half mile in 1:55 3-5.

W. C., Hornellsville, N. Y.—1. Tom Paddock fought 14 times in the ring, defeating Nobby Clark (twice), Parsons, Harry Poulson (twice), Aaron Jones (twice). 2. No.

T. C., Massachusetts.—1. A. Jones, Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was Paddy Ryan's only backer. 2. No other sporting man put up one dollar.

A. B., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Hanlan rows in a shell, of which the dimensions are as follows: length 31 ft 11 in beam and 5½ in deep, and when fully rigged weighs but 25 lbs.

B. A., Chicago, Ill.—1. John C. Heenan died at Green River Station, Oct. 25, 1873. 2. Hemorrhage of the lungs. 3. Heenan weighed 192 lbs when he fought Tom King.

J. E. M., Georgetown, D. C.—1. Joe Coburn was born July 20, 1835, at Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland. 2. There is no such box. 3. John L. Sullivan. 4. 5 ft 9½ in.

J. A., Salem, Oregon.—The receipts in the first contest for the Astley belt, at Madison Square Garden, was \$34,607.15. Rowell received \$20,000, Kniss \$12,000 and Harriman \$7,500.

F. S. G., Meeker, Col.—Ryan was the first to produce the \$1,000. 2. No. 3. 5 ft ¾ in. 4. See answer to Constant Reader. 5. Thank you. 6. Vanderbilt did own Maud S. last year.

D. B., Havre de Grace.—Aaron Jones fought Tom Sayers twice, making a draw in 62 rounds, 3h, Jan. 6, 1837, and being defeated in 2h, during which 65 rounds were fought, Feb. 19, 1837.

M. W., Washington, D. C.—1. Send P. O. money order for \$10, and we will forward you the goods. 2. "The American Athletic" will give you all the necessary information you require.

D. W., Leadville, Col.—Jack Murphy may style himself champion middle-weight pugilist of Colorado, but he has never fought for the title, therefore on what grounds can he claim it?

M. W., Louisville, Ky.—Thatcher walked 22 miles in 2h 57m 45s, at Little Bridge Grounds, London, England, Feb. 20, 1862. Thatcher beat W. Perkins' time for the same distance 1m 7s.

M. M., Newark, N. J.—1. John Hughes, the pedestrian, was born at Roscrea, Ireland. 2. When he won the O'Leary International belt, he covered 568 miles 825 yards. 3. He rested 23h 50m and 9s.

P. S., Battle, Pa.—We could fill the Sporting Department of the POLICE GAZETTE with challenges if we published every one we received, therefore we only publish those accompanied by a forfeit.

B. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. The distance of the Derby course at Epsom, England, is 1¼ miles. 2. The 2,000-guinea course is 1 mile and 17 yards. 3. It would take up more space than we could spare.

F. S., Toronto, Canada.—1. Ryan and Sullivan fought 11m, and 9 rounds were fought. Sullivan won first blood and first knock-down, but Ryan won first fall. 2. You win, for there were two referees.

H. H., Washington, D. C.—1. Robert Watson Boyd, the English oarsman, rowed in the Seekonk regatta, at Providence, R. I. Wallace Ross was the winner. 2. Yes; Hanlan rowed in the same race.

F. W., Fort Edwards, N. Y.—1. On Nov. 14, 1861, Joseph Dion won the first prize in the cushion carrom billiard tournament. 2. He won seven games and received first prize, \$1,000, and the champion badge.

C. H. S., Schenectady, N. Y.—1. Tom Iyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000. 2. Ryan and Sullivan fought for \$3,500. The main stakes were \$2,500, and each of the pugilists wagered \$1,000 in the ring.

M. D., Charlotte, N. C.—1. Tom Sayers fought John C. Heenan, at Farnborough, England, April 17, 1863. 2. The fight ended in a draw. 3. The battle lasted 2h and 20m. 4. He was born and raised at Troy, N. Y.

C. E., Boston, Mass.—1. Joe Phelan, of Baltimore, and Clint James, of Washington, D. C., seconded Sam Collyer when he fought Mike Carr, better known as "English," near Baltimore, March 16, 1876. 2. No.

B. B., Sidney, Va.—1. Fifteen-ball pool is a game that depends so much on luck, that it is hard to decide who is the best player. 2. We think Wahlstrom and Albert Frey, the boy player, are the two best in the country.

P. B., Redding, Miss.—1. Ned O'Dawlin was shot in his saloon on West street, N. Y., by his partner, Mich. Finnell, on Sept. 27, 1875. 2. He died on Sept. 23, 1875, and was buried at Hollywood Cemetery, Brookline, Mass.

J. B., Norfolk, Va.—Yankee Sullivan was born at Bandon, near Cork, Ireland, April 12, 1813. He defeated Vince Hammond, Tom Socor, Prof. Ball and Bob Caunt, and was beaten by Tom Iyer and John Morrissey in this country.

M. M., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. If your parents, at the time you were born in Canada, were citizens of the United States, then you are a regular American. 2. Write to the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., and you will get the information.

P. M., Wilkesbarre.—1. Richard A. Fennell stands 5 ft 11½ in, and weighs about 180 lbs. 2. On Jan. 31, 1874, in New York, he elevated a 20½ lb dumb-bell; he used both hands to raise the bell to his shoulder and then slowly pushed it up with one hand.

D. E., Leavenworth, Kan.—The official score in the Kunkle 6-day race which ended Dec. 31, 1883, was: Fitzgerald, 582 miles 55 yards; Noremac, 565 miles 495 yards; Herby, 556 miles 275 yards; Krohn, 569 miles 1,585 yards; Laocuse, 561 miles 275 yards.

H. M., Philadelphia.—The following are the officers of the Boston Baseball Club, elected on Dec. 19, 1883: President, A. H. Soden; secretary, F. P. Roundy; treasurer, A. J. Chase; directors, A. H. Soden, A. J. Chase, J. D. Billings, W. H. Conant and T. B. Mayo.

D. G., Chicago, Ill.—1. Al Smith was not referee when Jim Mace and Tom Allen fought at Kennerlyville, La., May 10, 1870. 2. Rufus Hunt filled that position and Al Smith was timekeeper while John C. Heenan was umpire. 3. It was Jerry Donovan and Jim Cusick seconded Mace.

D. W., Danville, Ind.—1. Teddy McAuliffe, the Butcher Boy, and Johnny McCabe fought at Weddewake, N. J., Sept. 9, 1861. McAuliffe won in 130 rounds, lasting 2h 25m. 2. Billy Kelly and Teddy McAuliffe fought a draw at Jamaica, L. I., Aug. 28, 1868. 3. Fifty-five rounds in 1h 32m.

A. B. C., St. Paul, Minn.—1. Dan Donnelly never defeated the champion of England; neither did John Morrissey win first blood or first knock-down in the battle with John C. Heenan. 2. Tom King and John C. Heenan fought in England, Dec. 10, 1863, the latter winning in 24 rounds, lasting 3m.

S. S., Boston, Mass.—The first time McCoolle and Allen met they fought for \$1,000 aside, at a point near the Jefferson Barracks. Val. McKinney, the referee of that fight, decided in favor of McCoolle. As the decision of the referee in such cases is final, McCoolle may be said to have won the fight.

W. B., Taunton, Mass.—1. W. G. George ran in the 10-mile open handicap of the Blackheath Harriers, on Nov. 10, 1883. 2. He finished third, but ran the full 10 miles in 52m 53s. 3. He did not beat the professional record, which is 51m 26s. He was 3½s ahead of his previous record, which was 52m 56½s.

H. H., Rutland, Vt.—1. Mike Donovan and Prof. Wm. C. McClellan never fought a regular prize fight. 2. They fought three times with gloves. 3. McClellan won the first battle, Donovan won the second, both of which were fought in New York. 4. The third battle was fought at San Francisco, Cal.

A. A., Rochester, N. Y.—Joe Wornald never fought Jim Mace. He fought a draw with Jack Smith (Jack Mace's Wolf), in 113 rounds, in 4h 22m, at London, England; at Harley, England, Jan. 4, 1865, he forfeited \$120 to Jim Mace. 2. In America fought 1 round with Ned O'Dawlin, at Linnfield, Mass., police interfered and he forfeited to O'Dawlin.

B. F., Port Huron, Mich.—Tom Kelly, of St. Louis, who seconded Paddy Ryan, has fought eight times in the ring. In England he beat Jack Connor, Dan Lomas, Bill Brown, Jack Rooke (a cross and all bets declared off) and Dick Rowley. He was beaten by Jack Rooke and Harry Allon. 3. He arrived in this country Jan. 11, 1864. On Sept. 11, 1872, at Carroll Island, St. Louis, he fought Fred. Bussey, of Chicago, at 154 lbs. Kelly won, in 27 rounds, in 35½m.

H. G., Volkhardt, Pa.—1. Jem Ward and Tom Cannon fought for \$1,000. 2. The battle was fought on a stage erected on Shank's estate, near Warwick, England, July 19, 1825. 3. Ward knocked Cannon out of time in 10 rounds, fought in 10m, Ward's finishing blow knocked Cannon senseless, and nearly ended his life. 4. He lay senseless for one hour and had to be bled before he came to. 5. It was Cannon who followed the occupation of a bargeman, and not Ward.

J. M., Brownsville, Texas.—1. It was in 1879 Parole went to England. 2. No. 3. Parole ran 11 times in England in 1879, gaining the premium honors 5 times, and being returned as unplaced half a dozen times; \$10,403 was the handsome return from these efforts. Part of 1880 was spent by him in England, and 10 times was the number of trials given. None of them, however, gave him a victory, though he was second twice, third once, and 7 times unplaced. These doings gave him the modest sum of \$72.

A. B., Boston, Mass.—The following are the matches Ira A. Paine, of New York, and Capt. A. H. Bogardus competed for, as opponents: On Nov. 18, 1870, they shot at 100 birds, for \$1,000 a side and the championship, at Detroit, Mich. Bogardus won, shooting 61 birds out of 70 shot at. Paine killed 55 out of 70. Another match was arranged between Paine and Bogardus, and Paine paid a forfeit. On May 23, 1871, they shot again for \$1,000 a side and the championship of Morrisania, N. Y. Paine won.

P. O., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Tommy Chandler, of Chicago, is the best middle-weight pugilist in that city. 2. He was never defeated by Capt. James Dalton in a glove contest, it was vice versa. Geo. Rooke and Mike Donovan both agreed to fight Dalton when they were in Chicago. A place of meeting was appointed at Mike McDonald's to sign articles, Rooke and Donovan were there with duets, but Dalton ran away and gave an exhibition that night at Joliet.

M. H., Troy, N. Y.—1. Wm. Harrington, better known as Boss Harrington, was born in New York, in 1803. 2. He did not fight Andy McLane twice, and the alleged authority of that so-called sporting journal is wrong. Harrington fought Andy McLane on June 4, 1832, near Baltimore, Md., and the battle ended in a general row. In 1838, Harrington fought John McLane (not Andy McLane), at Hoboken, and defeated him. It will be seen that Harrington fought two pugilists who bore the same name, but one resided at Philadelphia and was a professional pugilist, the other was a drover. This is about three hundred times we have had to correct the Centre street sporting authority.

G. S., Lewiston, W. Va.—1. Harry Gribben was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1854. He stood 5 ft 10½ in in height. At Liverpool, England, he began his fighting career by defeating Dillon, in 13 rounds, in 30m. He next beat Lackey, in 16 rounds, in 20m. Gribben's luck changed when matched to fight Jim Clark for £10 a side, Nov. 17, 1845, for an obstinate fight of 36 rounds, 57m, brought Clark through as winner. Gribben next fought Moreton, for £10 a side, at Tarback Bottom, near Liverpool, on 23d of November, 1846, and Gribben won, beating that very efficient pugilist in 24 rounds, lasting 30m. Gribben's last fight in England was with Mark Brooks, of Bristol, for £10 a side, at Oliver Mount, near Liverpool, June 28, 1847, when Brooks beat Gribben ship-shape and Bristol fashion in 19 rounds. 2. It was in August, 1857, he was matched to fight Joe Coburn for \$1,000. The battle was fought Nov. 18, 1857, at Berte county, Canada. Coburn weighed 145 lbs, Gribben 147 lbs. Coburn was seconded by Orville Gardener and Jimmy White, Gribben's seconding trainer, with Tom O'Donnell for umpire. Gribben was seconded by Jack Pyburn, of Brooklyn, and Hen Winkle, of New York, with Johnny Moneghan as umpire. At the twenty-first round Gribben came in in good trim and led off with his left, but a chance blow from Coburn's left struck a particularly dangerous point just below the line of the heart, and the effect was a stunner for Gribben, so that he was literally knocked out of time by this single blow, concluding the fight in 30m. April 24, 1860, Harry Gribben and Ed. Wilson fought for \$500 a side, at Eiker's Island. The battle ended in a draw after 50 rounds had been fought, in 1h 37m.





FIGHTING FOR HER PET.

THE HEROIC CONFLICT OF A MONTANA WOMAN WITH AN EAGLE THAT ATTEMPTED TO ROB HER OF HER FAVORITE CANINE.

#### Died in Discharge of Duty.

John Conway and Michael Kehoe, the salvage corps men, who met their death at the fire on Christmas Day, at St. Louis, were buried in Calvary Cemetery. At the inquest on Conway's body, Assistant Chief Hester testified:

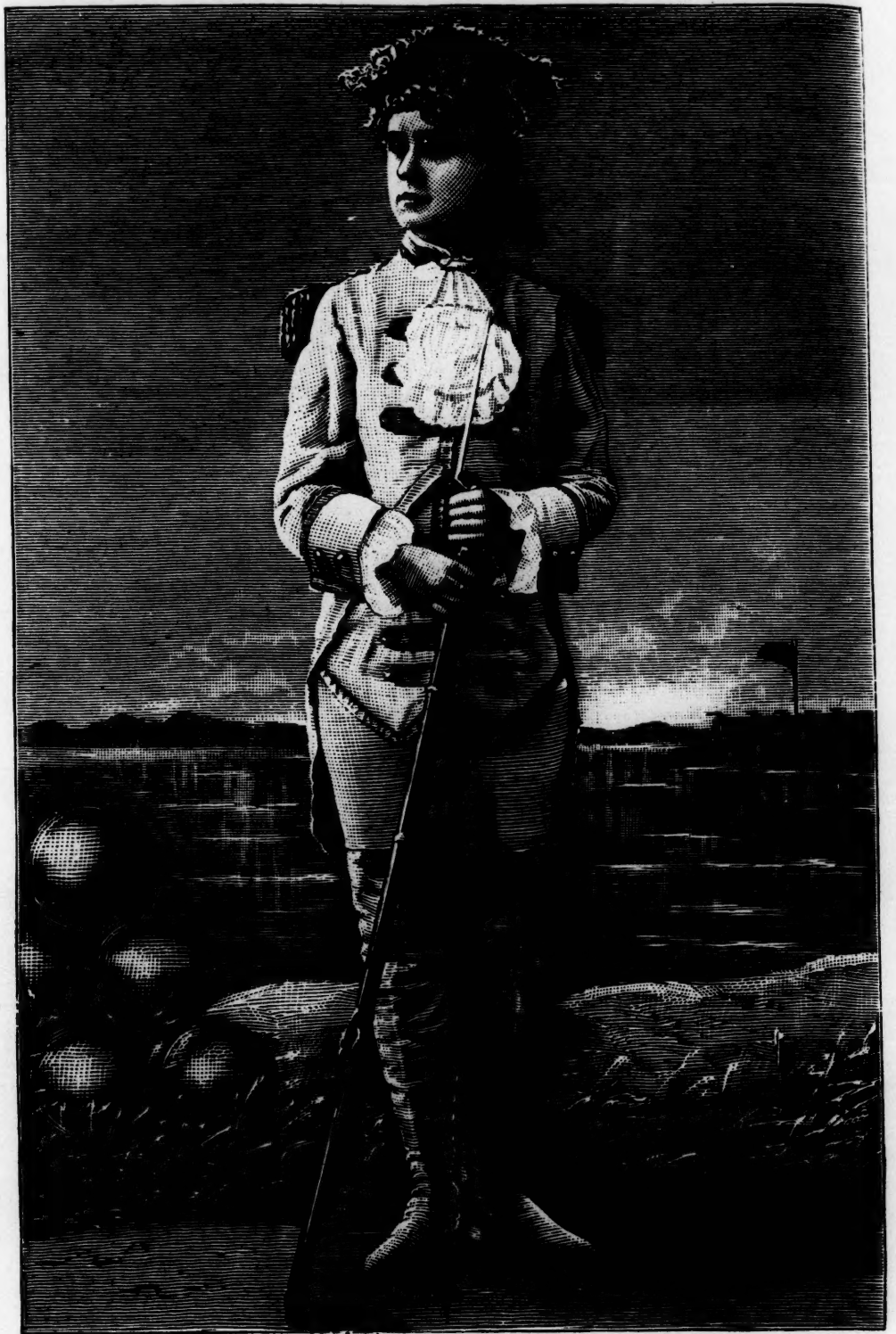
"I kept a stream of water playing around him for upward of eight hours. I was left alone in the room with him several times, when the fire and smoke had cut me off from the other men. In my last attempt to save him, I was in with him some four or five minutes. The fire by this

time was coming up around his legs, from the cellar, in thick, heavy flames. The smoke was so dense I nearly fainted. I asked him if any of his bones were broken, and he said no. He was very cool. He spoke without a tremor. I said to him at last, 'Conway, I can't do any more.' Tears filled my eyes. I then shook hands with him, and he said, 'Good-by, Mike; you might as well go now.' These were his last words. I caught a glimpse of his face several times, as the flash of the flames from beneath lighted up the room. Oh, it was a hard sight; he was a game man. He turned his head after



BILLY McGLORY'S TUMBLE.

HIS \$1,500 HORSE SHOTS HIM FROM HIS \$500 SLEIGH INTO A SNOW-BANK WHILE DRIVING ON THE ROAD.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES

#### GRACE CHASE.

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]

me as I went out of the west front door for the last time. I left him calmly sitting with his back near the partition of the north wall. I fought my way outside, and kept a stream of water playing for hours afterward."

"THANKSGIVING always comes before Congress meets," said the youth to his father. "Why is it?" "Because, my son," was the solemn reply, "it is in the nature of things; it couldn't come after."



A NOBLE FIREMAN'S DEATH.

HOW JOHN CONWAY, OF THE ST. LOUIS SALVAGE CORPS, PERISHED IN THE FLAMES IN SIGHT OF HIS COMRADES, WHO WERE UNABLE TO SAVE HIM.



**Thomas McAlpine.**

Thomas McAlpine, better known as "Soap McAlpine," is one of the best-known sporting men in the country. He has stood up himself in many a hard-fought battle, and has officiated at many important fights as backer, referee and second. He is a thorough New Yorker, having been born in this city Dec. 25, 1844. His height is 5 feet 4 inches, and his weight, in condition, 150 pounds.

The following is a record of his principal fights:

Beat Fred. Bussey, 63 rounds, in 65 minutes, near Chicago, 1898, for a purse of \$2,000.

Fought Johnny Mulligan a draw, 91 rounds, in 103 minutes, darkness coming on.

Beat Barney Harris, Virginia City, November, 1897, purse of \$300, 10 rounds, in 14 minutes.

Beat George Barnes, Idaho City, 1895, \$200, 13 rounds, in 18 minutes.

Beat Johnny Devine, "The Chicken," purse of \$300, 105 rounds, in 108 minutes, at San Francisco, Cal., 1896.

Beat Burns, "The Blacksmith," 16 rounds, in 22 minutes, purse of \$600, near Sacramento, Cal., 1893.

Fought Johnny McIlroy, in same ring with Dooney Harris and Chandler, 108 rounds, in 110 minutes, purse of \$500. Draw, darkness coming on.

Beat Mackey's novice, Johnny Boyne, near Detroit, 1893, 15 rounds, in 121 minutes, purse of \$1,000.

McAlpine retired from the ring in 1899, but since then he has been active in sporting circles, and on more than one occasion astonished some of the youngsters in boxing exhibitions.

**Alonzo Hiwanda.**

Alonzo Hiwanda, known as the boy Samson, was born in Xenia, Ohio, August 16, 1862. He first made his debut in the City of Cleveland, Ohio, at the State Fair, in 1880, where he lifted a cask of water weighing 570 pounds, with two men on the cask; one weighed 260 pounds and the other 245 pounds, the aggregate weight being 1,065 pounds, with his teeth. Since then he has been performing in theatres, museums, etc., and traveled with the J. B. Doris circus in 1882. He has raised a dumb-bell weighing 152 pounds eight times from the shoulder, and two 100-pound bells, one in each hand, twenty-six times from the shoulder. In Flint, Mich., he lifted 1,300 pounds dead weight of iron with his hands. At Phil Milligan's Dime Museum, in Detroit, January, 1883, he lifted with his teeth a cask of water and three large men on top of it. Total weight, 1,235 pounds, for which he received a gold medal. He has also received two other medals, a gold-headed cane and a gold goblet.

**Mike Henry.**

In this week's issue we publish a portrait of Mike Henry, the noted sporting man of Brooklyn, who is well known all over the country. Years ago Henry kept a sporting house in Fulton street. He was manager of the old Atlantic Baseball Club, and figured prominently as a backer and second of Sam Collyer when he fought for the light-weight championship. Mike Henry is now engaged as manager for J. J.

**THOMAS McALPINE,**

BETTER KNOWN AS "SOAP," AN OLD-TIME PUGILIST WHO STILL HOLDS HIS OWN.

Flynn, the noted Bowery sporting man, at the Old House in the New Home, 103 Bowery.

**Trying to Save the Hangman a Job.**

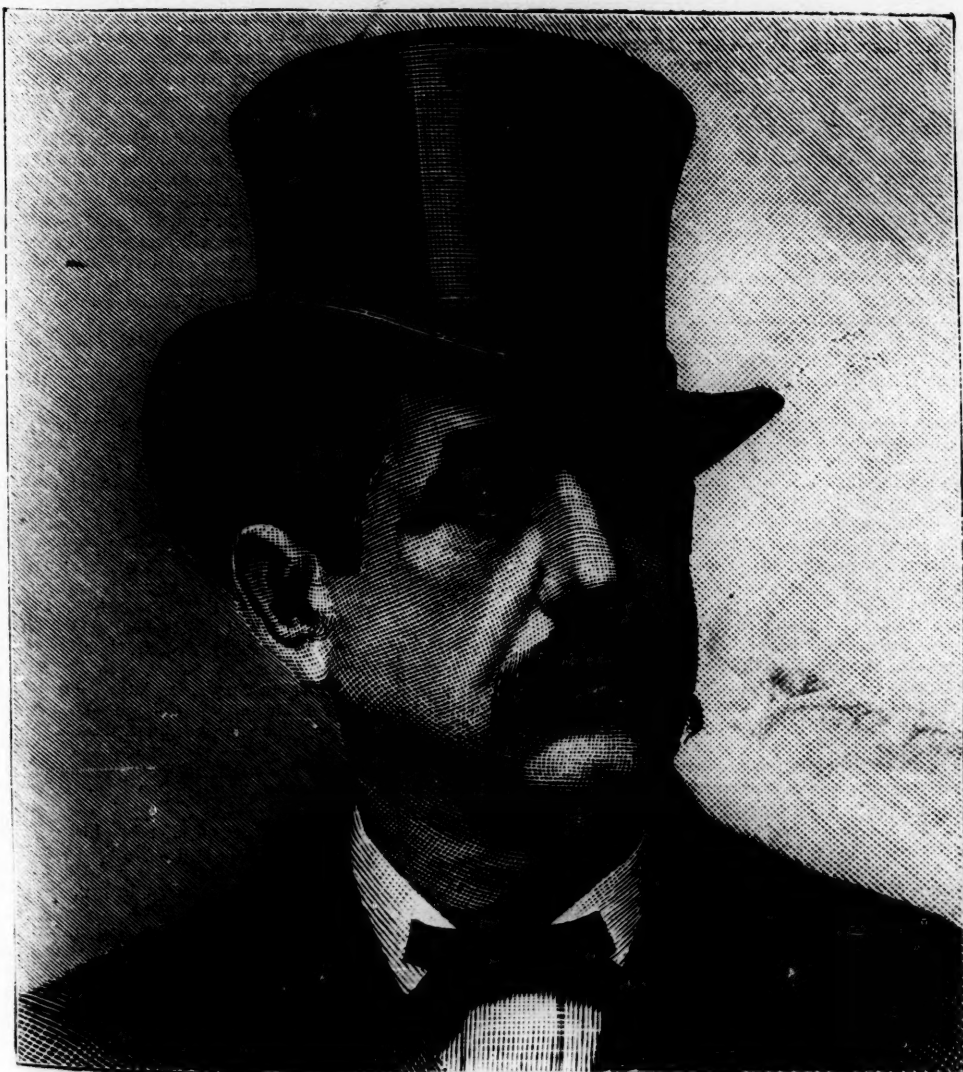
On Dec. 18 Henry Curry, a colored murderer, while exercising along the jail corridor, at Atlanta, Ga., made a jump headforemost to the floor below, fracturing his skull by the contusion, and is not expected to live. A year ago Curry was living near Social Circle, where he became enamored of the wife of a negro named Daniels. The pair agreed to get rid of the husband in order that their intercourse might continue. Cautiously entering the unsuspecting negro's room as he lay asleep, Curry dealt him a blow with an ax, splitting his head in two, and immediately made his escape. For nine months his whereabouts were unknown, when an Atlanta colored woman, with whom he kept correspondence, disclosed his hiding-place in South Carolina. He was promptly arrested and confined in Walton County Jail. In the same cell with him were Jim Brown, murderer; John Wagoner, held for rape, and Geo. Edwards, held for arson. The prisoners made up a plot to burn the jail and effect their escape, and on Wednesday night, Dec. 12, the citizens of Monroe were aroused by an alarm of fire. The bucket brigade soon got the flames under control, while armed guards held each of the prisoners under cover until they could be provided for. It was then decided to put the whole party in Fulton Jail for safe keeping. Here Curry kept up a defiant attitude, and finding escape impossible made a desperate attempt at suicide.

**Another Farm-House Mystery.**

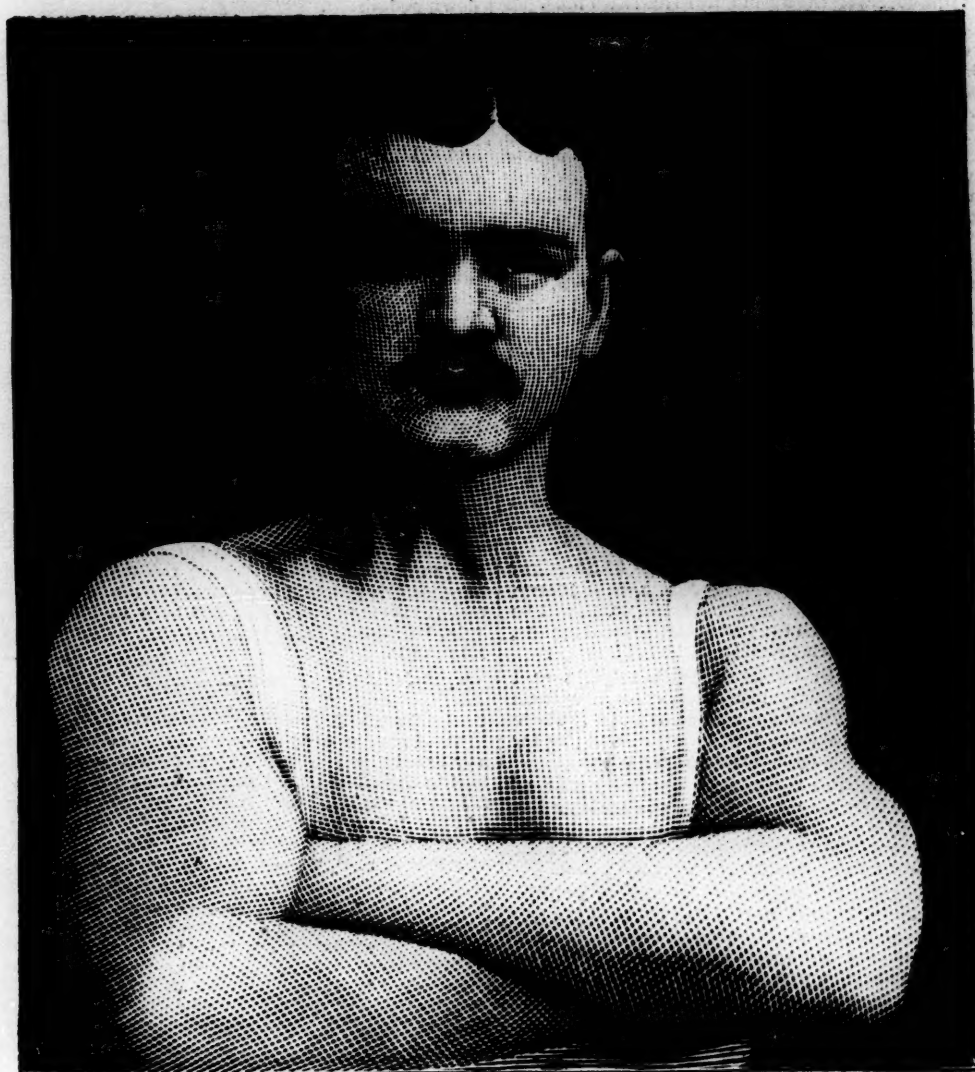
William B. Catlin, a farmer, thirty-one years old, of Goshen, Vt., died Saturday morning, Dec. 22, under circumstances strongly indicative of poisoning. The family consisted of Mr. Catlin, wife, and a farm hand named Melvin Ayer, twenty-four years of age and unmarried. It is said that on Nov. 30 Mrs. Catlin bought at a drug store in Brandon an ounce of arsenic for the alleged purpose of killing lice on a young colt, as the druggist's record shows. It is now ascertained that the family had no colt. The day following the purchase of the poison Mr. Catlin was taken violently ill, and some of the arsenic in solution was administered to him by Mrs. Catlin, who, she claims, mistook it for soda water. Emetics were given, and Mr. Catlin recovered sufficiently to resume his labors.

All went smoothly until Dec. 7, when he was again taken ill. He was immediately taken to the house, since which time he has generally failed. He was treated for typhoid fever, the fact that he had been poisoned being suppressed until too late to overcome the effects of the poison. Since his death there have been rumors of an undue intimacy between Mrs. Catlin and Ayer.

THOMAS RIELEY was stabbed in the temple by Elias Smith on Dec. 21, at Cleveland, Ohio. Two men by the name of Kuntz and Smith were fighting, and Rieley, happening along, tried to separate them, when Smith drew his knife with fatal effect. Smith was immediately arrested.

**MIKE HENRY,**

A NOTED SPORTING MAN OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**ALONZO HIWANDA,**

THE WONDERFUL BOY SAMSON AND CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT LIFTER.

[Photo by John Wood.]

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.



## SPORTING NEWS.

DON'T FAIL TO GET IT.

## THE GREAT SUPPLEMENT,

Representing 'the fight between Broome and Hannan in 1841. Suitable for framing, for every saloon, sporting house and other public resort. Given with No. 328 of the POLICE GAZETTE. Paper and picture 10 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Police Gazette Publishing House, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Beware of imitations. The only papers published by Richard K. Fox are the POLICE GAZETTE and ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. See that you get them.

BLAYLOCK, the jockey, will ride for R. C. Pate next season.

JIM WILLIAMS still insists on demanding \$20,000 for Bob Miles, the favorite in the Kentucky Derby.

THE Kentucky Racing Association have changed the date of their meeting from May 8 to May 7.

THE veteran sportsman, Richard Ten Broeck, did not score a single victory on the turf, in England, last season.

JOHN KEEN states that there is not an amateur bicyclist in England, who will be able to defeat George M. Hendee, next year.

SINCE 1873 Matthew Dawson, who trains for Lord Falmouth, has won for the Cornish nobleman no less than \$1,200,000 in stakes alone.

J. MCBRIDE, of Buffalo, N. Y., would like to hear from John Marra, who defeated him in a wrestling match at Niagara Falls on Nov. 24, 1883.

GEORGE LOVELL and Jerome Smith, prominent pool-sellers, were indicted by the grand jury, recently, at Philadelphia, for keeping a pool-room.

THE 85-yard foot race at Toronto between Gus Carruthers and James Quirk was won by Quirk in 2-5-8, equal to a 9-2 pace. Quirk was the favorite.

PADDY SHEA and T. K. Stanley fought with soft gloves near Boston, Mass., on Dec. 17, for \$50. Shea vanquished his opponent in 10 rounds, lasting 1h and 10m.

CHARLES WOOD, the renowned jockey, has bought a house at Newmarket, England, from Sir John Astley, for the decidedly impressive sum of \$2,500.

THE third annual amateur championship three-ball cushion carrom tournament at the rooms of W. P. Marshall, Boston, Mass., will begin early in January.

MILE ARMAINDO, the female bicyclist, recently "put up" fairly with one hand a dumb-bell weighing 90 lbs. She is 5 ft 2 1/2 in in height, and weighs but 135 lbs.

THE 100-yard foot-race for \$1,000, between Fred Hurst, of Mount Pleasant, and Henry Welley, of Canada, is to be run on Jan. 24, at Mahanoy City, between 1 P. M. and 3 P. M.

GEORGE WALSH, of Royton, aged forty years, and James Nutall, of Manchester, aged forty-one years, champion sprinters in their day, ran a quarter-mile recently, Walsh winning in 59 1/2 s.

THE New York State Intercollegiate Association is to be reorganized, a meeting of delegates from the colleges of New York State having been called for that purpose Jan. 11, at Baggs' Hotel, Utica.

DENNIS A. DRISCOLL, of Lynn, and George H. Hosmer, of Boston, have signed articles for a ten-mile heel-and-toe walk for \$250 a side. The race will take place on Jan. 16, in some hall to be agreed upon.

PROF. WM. MILLER, on Nov. 7, defeated Edward Blackburn in a wrestling match for \$1,000 a side and the championship of Australia, at Melbourne, Victoria. He won the second, third and fifth falls.

BILLY MAGINN recently tossed 100 rats into a barrel in 37 s, at Cavanagh's sporting house, Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 17. At the same place a terrier, named "Dandy," killed twenty of the rodents in a little over 4m.

THE backer of Laycock, of Australia, has written Hanlan saying that if Laycock is not fit to row Hanlan on his arrival, either Rush, Trickett or William Beach will be pitted against Hanlan for \$5,000 a side.

THE fifteen-ball pool game between James Johnson and Gus Colt, at New Orleans, was won by Colt, who scored sixteen games to Johnson's ten, winning \$1,000, and about three times that amount in side bets.

JOE DEMPSEY offers to fight Denny Costigan for \$500 a side under London prize ring rules. Dempsey to scale 130 lbs, and Costigan can be at 140 lbs. If Dempsey will post a forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office, a match will be arranged.

THE match between Grouseale and Lit, which was originally made for a three-day hunt, at Grand Junction, Tenn., for \$500 a side, was brought to a finish at Memphis, Tenn., on Dec. 21, and Lit won, Grouseale quitting from fatigue.

AT The Allen's American Mabilie, 59 Bleeker street, N. Y., on Friday evening, Jan. 4, Mike Mulvy, the well-known pugilist, of Providence, R. I., will be tendered a benefit. All the noted pugilists will appear, and Mulvy and Charley Norton will wind up.

A COCKING main between Philadelphia and Pottsville birds was fought at a well-known uptown sporting resort in Philadelphia, Dec. 19 and 20. There were 13 battles—12 at \$50 each (\$25 a side), and \$200 for the odd fight. Philadelphia won every battle.

IF Patsy Scullion is ready to fight any man of his weight in New Jersey, he should at once knock at Prof. Wm. C. McClellan's door, for we believe the professor now resides in New Jersey, and is ready to fight either Scullion or his quondam opponent, Colden.

THE one-mile foot-race between Peter Priddy and Andrew Seibert was decided on Dec. 15, at the Exposition Grounds, Pittsburg, Priddy winning the race in 5m 18s, 7s ahead of his opponent. The track was in very bad condition, owing to the frost, and was lumpy.

AT Elmira, recently, Chas. E. Courtney stated that he had arranged a race with Wallace Ross, to row at the Point of Pines, near Boston, on May 30. Who holds the stakes? When were the articles signed? Is the race a job? are questions sporting men would like to be informed on.

JOHN HIBBERD, the English walker, who has the best record for twenty-six and seventy-two hours, offers to accept odds of \$250 to \$125 and match himself to beat the record for one, two and three hours, and to cover twenty-eight miles in four hours, to walk in eight weeks from signing articles.

SOME time ago James Connors, of Scranton, Pa., posted \$100 forfeit and issued a challenge to wrestle Edwin Bibby, catch-as-catch-can, for \$500 a side. Tommy Ray, Bibby's backer, accepted the challenge and covered Connors' money, but when the latter found Bibby was ready to arrange a match he backed down.

THE glove contest between Jack Hughes, the Dangerous Blacksmith, and Joe Denning, who made such a grand display while recently boxing with Joe Pendergast, will be decided at Clarendon Hall, East Thirtieth street, on Thursday evening, Jan. 3. It is expected that Hughes will either stop Denning or be knocked out.

MICHAEL SHEEHAN defeated Charles Smith in a one-mile race for \$200 a side at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., Dec. 20. Smith obtained a lead at the start, which he retained for nearly three-fourths of the journey, when Sheehan passed him, finally winning by three yards, in 6m 30s. The ground was covered with snow.

PROF. W. C. MCCLELLAN, who now resides in Jersey City, writes: "I am prepared to match John E. Kernan, of Jersey City, against any feather-weight in the State of Jersey, or any 124-pound man in said State, to box with hard gloves to a finish for \$250 a side. I will meet any one anxious to make a match at the POLICE GAZETTE office at any time."

ANTECO, the California four-year-old that recently trotted a trial in 2:20 1/2, and for whom Robert Bonner offered \$20,000, providing he would show 2:17 1/2, is by Electioneer, out of Columbine, by A. W. Richmond, by Blackbird; second dam Columbia, thoroughbred daughter of imp. Bonnie Scotland; third dam Young Fashion, by imp. Monarch, and fourth dam Fashion, by imp. Trustee.

THE following parties called on Richard K. Fox, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, during the week: Mike Henry, Jimmy Murray, J. D. Harris, Gus Hill, Tom McAlpine, Gus Lambert, Bob Smith, Tommy Barnes, Joe Fowler, Jack King, Prof. Walter Watson, Prof. Wm. C. McClellan, Billy Madden, Jim Goode, Phil. H. Kirby, John Love, Paddy Lee, Funny Cooke, Bill Davis, George Young, Geo. D. Noremac, J. J. Flynn.

DONALD DINNIE boasts that on Nov. 14, at San Francisco, he beat all the American records at heavy weight and light and heavy hammer throwing and putting the shot. According to the alleged scores returned, Dinnie did beat the records made by Duncan C. Ross, but as Dinnie's alleged feats were accomplished with light hammers, and not the regular weights, as a record the figures amount to nothing. The performance, we have learned, was unsatisfactory, and simple addition with an India rubber tape-line assisted in increasing the numerals.

THE new American Association rule, giving the batter a base when hit by the pitcher causes many to assert that players will allow themselves to be hit in close games in order to get a base. We do not agree. The player must be solidly hit, and only a player can realize what it is to be hit by a ball sent in like a rifle-shot, and we will wager that no player will allow himself to be hit with the risk of permanent injury simply to get a base. Players are not so self-sacrificing.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: Wm. Baker, J. E. Bessou, Tom Cannon, Chas. Courtney, Frank E. Dobson, C. Duncan, Peter Duryc, John Ennis, Dick Garvin, John Hickman, John Hammond, Franz Kurzerer, Phillip La Tourette, Wm. Muldoon (2), Maurice Murphy, Geo. W. Moore, Dan O'Leary, T. Pidgeon, June Rankin, Frank Rose, Con Shanahan, John L. Sullivan, D. F. Twomey, Miss Minnie Vernon, Walter Watson, Geo. Wilson, Allan S. Williams, Capt. Webb.

JAMES MCLEARY, the Scotch pedestrian, well known in this city, is now lying in the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, and will probably be discharged an incurable paralytic. He has had one of his feet amputated, and will probably lose a hand. The friends of open-hearted Jimmy here who desire to aid him financially in his distress, can forward their mite to George D. Noremac, long-distance pedestrian, "Midlothian Arms," No. 463 Eighth avenue, New York city, who has opened a subscription list on behalf of the broken-down pedestrian.

THE Daily News, in a sporting paragraph, says: "What has become of John Ennis, the six-day pedestrian and noted skater? Since the six-day pedestrian race Ennis promoted he has not figured either as a manager or a contestant. It cannot be possible Ennis has buried himself in obscurity and given up pedestrianism and skating. At the latter game he was and is still champion." If Ennis had a first-class bank account there are several six-day pedestrians who would like to know of his whereabouts, Patrick Fitzgerald especially, who claims Ennis owes him first money in a six day race. It is not likely that Ennis can boast of a heavy exchequer, therefore none of his pedestrian friends need be anxious to know of the locality he is living in.

CAPT. GILBERT F. LONG, the aerial champion jumper, who attempted to jump from the Brooklyn bridge, on May 30, 1883, and was prevented by the watchman, who fired two shots at him, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week and arranged the preliminaries for a second attempt. Long proposes to jump from the Brooklyn bridge into the East river for a wager of \$500, on or about Feb. 22. Long has accomplished several wonderful feats at swimming and aerial jumping. On June 11, 1879, he jumped from High Bridge into the Harlem river, a distance of 112 feet, successfully accomplishing the feat. At Fitchburg, Aug. 7, 1883, he jumped from a tower 65 feet in height into the lake. Long was born in New York, July, 1837, stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs 130 pounds.

THE following explains itself:

DETROIT, Dec. 24, 1883.  
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
SIR—I am prepared to fight a main of cocks against any breeder in the State of New York, upon the following conditions: Each side to show from thirteen to fifteen at weights ranging from 4 lbs 2 oz to 6 lbs for \$50 each battle and \$1,000 the odd fight, Albany rules to govern, and the main to be fought within ten miles of Albany, N. Y., James Dugrey, of Mechanicville, N. Y., to be stakeholder. Or I will give Michael Kearney, of Dutch Kills, L. I., the preference. If the challenge is not accepted in ten days, I will leave it open fourteen days longer. I will give \$200 expenses to fight within twenty miles of Detroit, or accept the same amount to fight East.

W. H. CHAPPEL,  
83 Baggs street, Detroit.

THE long-pending dog fight for \$600 and the championship of America, at 33 lbs, give or take 1 lb, between Jack Brown's Crib, of West Virginia, and Jack Kirley's Jack Napoleon, was fought at Collier's Station, West Virginia, on Dec. 21. There was a large crowd of sporting men from Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Wheeling and Pittsburg present, and the speculation on the result was heavy, both sides piling up their money on their respective champions. The fight was a desperate one, and resulted in a victory for

Jack Napoleon, which proves that he is the greatest fighting dog in America at 33 lbs. Jack Napoleon has now been victorious in twelve battles, and Jack Kirley, his owner, states that he will match Jack Napoleon against any 33-lb dog in America, give or take a pound, for from \$500 to \$2,500 a side, and allow expenses to fight in West Virginia, or accept expenses to fight in any city in America. Kirley trains Jack Napoleon as follows: Is walked fifteen miles every day, besides working for several hours on a tread-wheel. His daily task is completed by a novel and original scheme recently adopted by Kirley. A live coon is placed in a bag partially filled with hay, and this bag is then attached to a chain which is suspended from the ceiling by means of a swivel. A close-fitting muzzle is then placed on Napoleon, and he is then allowed to wrestle with his coonship. The bag swings about one foot from the floor, thus affording the dog ample opportunities for jumping and wrestling. He appears to enjoy the exercise.

FOR future reference we publish the full score of the international billiard match between Maurice Vignaux and Jacob Schaefer, played at Paris on Nov. 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1883. Score:

Vignaux—3 2 15 52 49 13 3 43 3 1 0 23 30 79 26 49 28 40 24 40 16 4 3 14 11 2 5 6 31 12 4 61 38 8 1 9 91 15 25 25 10 1 83 4 0 32 51 22 56 13 8 12 34 153 1 83 10 119 114 92 23 0 55 6 77 0 35 6 77 0 55 105 0 24 105 6 79 62 2 9 0 86 21 16 32 0 0 7 4 7 4 5 40 43 6 0 1 36 0 110 0 6 78 16. Total—3,000.

Average—28 88-101.

Highest runs—77 86 91 105 110 115 119 120 141 153 165.

Schaefer—16 1 0 3 14 29 22 0 0 2 23 29 4 98 16 7 125 103

1 46 27 35 17 2 0 10 1 63 0 1 2 54 84 44 14 6 38 6 0 2 1 43 0

16 12 133 1 0 5 4 39 2 97 0 25 37 33 88 2 1 3 5 108 0 40 7 23

3 3 2 1 3 5 2 1 1 75 6 4 164 21 67 76 1 5 62 9 156 3 69 47 72

81 3 0 1 29 13 2 1 35 0 0 1 25. Total—2,857.

Average—27 49-104.

Highest runs—75 84 88 97 98 99 103 108 125 133 156 164.

THE Smith and Hadley colored boxing combination collapsed recently. Regarding the affair Chas. Hadley sends the following:

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., Dec. 27, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Please state in the columns of your paper that C. A. C. Smith, the would-be colored champion, of Port Huron, held out inducements for me to leave New York and visit Michigan. On my arrival we formed a combination, and when it did not pay he treated me very mean, and would have left me out in the cold if it had not been for friends among the white people of East Saginaw. And furthermore I had a benefit one evening to defray my expenses through my sickness, and he, C. A. C. Smith, wound up with me, and I being under the weather he tried to show off. But I met him in his dive on Lannon street, always full of Jim Crow niggers, which he styles a saloon, and we had a few words, and came together, and although I am sick I made him sing like a pet coon in less than two minutes. He squealed like a guinea-pig.

PROF. CHAS. HADLEY.

AN important 100-yard foot-race for \$1,000 has been arranged between Fred Hurst, of Mount Pleasant, Luzerne county, Pa., and H. Welley, of Canada. Last week Richard K. Fox received, on account of the match, \$200 from J. W. Schiebel, of the Park House, Scranton, the temporary stakeholder, with the following conditions of the race:

DEC. 20, 1883.

Articles of agreement entered into the 20th day of December, 1883, between Fred Hurst (alias Fred Voke), of Mount Pleasant, Luzerne county, Pa., against H. Welley, of Canada, to run 100 yards, even, for the sum of five hundred dollars (\$500) aside, the race to be run at Mahanoy City Park, Schuylkill county, Pa., between the hours of 1 and 3 P. M. on the 24th day of January, 1884. To start by the first report of "pistol," either man starting before the pistol is fired to be put back one yard for each offense. One hundred dollars (\$100) a side is now down in the hands of Mr. J. W. Schiebel, of the Park House, Scranton, Pa., who is temporary stakeholder. Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, is to be final stakeholder, the money to be sent by the temporary stakeholder to the final stakeholder, Richard K. Fox, as soon as possible. Mr. Richard K. Fox to appoint (or stand as referee). To be made into two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side Jan. 1, 1884, to the final stakeholder. The balance of the money to be sent to the final stakeholder Jan. 21, 1884. Either party failing to comply with these articles to forfeit all money down.

Signed by FRED HURST (alias Voke),

Witnesses: H. WETLEY,

W. H. ADSETTS,

W. EAVIS.

A REMARKABLE and desperate glove-fight was decided on Dec. 8, at J. S. Roberts & J. K. Waite's Olympic Gymnasium, in Butte City, Montana. The principals were Jasper Sorenson and Mons Grenier, amateurs and pupils of Waite's. Neither pugilist was in condition, and they fought with soft gloves according to the London prize ring rules. Dr. Gleason, a gentleman of sporting proclivities, was referee. Sorenson is a printer by trade, tall and gaunt, and his average weight is 165 pounds. Grenier is an ex-member of the police force, weighing 180 pounds and of solid build. The room at the Coliseum was provided with a ring and the outside space was filled in with chairs. It has a seating and standing capacity of between 200 and 300, and long before the fight was announced for the fight every available foot of space was sought. Late arrivals offered as high as \$20 for a seat, but even though the occupant of the chair was a complete financial wreck, he refused with scorn the offer. Promptly at 8:30 the principals entered the ring, and after the customary preliminaries, the fray began. From the first there was an evident intention on the part of Grenier to force the fight, and he permitted himself to become excited at times, Sorenson remaining cool, but forced to act on the defensive. He had the best of the first rounds, gaining the first fall, the first knock-down and the first blood. Grenier paid special attention to Sorenson's ribs, and most of his blows were delivered on the breast and sides, while Sorenson retorted with telling hits upon his opponent's face and head. When the pugilists came together, Grenier proved himself the stronger of the two, and Sorenson went down every time they clinched, avoiding punishment and saving his wind. After fighting 54 rounds Sorenson landed a blow on Grenier's neck and knocked him senseless, winning the battle. The fight lasted 1h and 20m, and was one of the most remarkable ever witnessed, for both pugilists used soft gloves and neither were in condition, while from the beginning to the end the fighting was fast and furious.

WE have received the following letter from the ever-blooming Harry Montague, which he desires published in reference to some incorrect strictures published in an alleged sporting journal about Jem Mace. The following is the letter:

PORTLAND HOTEL, MANCHESTER, Dec. 17, 1883.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.,

DEAR SIR—I have read to-day a sketch of Jem Mace and seen a bad portrait, published in a paper that pretends to dabble in sporting news and flatters itself that it is an authority on sporting matters. The article states "the latest portrait of Jem Mace," is one taken 14 years ago, and the same you can buy on Broadway

stands at 5 cents is the latest, then that is—next, that Mace was born at Breston, Norfolk, this may be a typographical error, so let it pass. Again, his first fight was with Slack—not so—again, it says that Mace, when he came over with the Maori from America to this country, gained neither money nor honor from the day he landed off the Arizona, in England, to the day we sailed on his return to America, he sparred every night with the exception of two and Sundays, and as I don't generally run a show for fun, you may bet he added something to his bank account. As to the Maori, and the remarks made with regard to him as to his being much vaunted, I am glad the author of the article had grace enough to accord him the meed of praise he is in my opinion entitled to "a gallant man." Any one who saw him contest with Mr. Sullivan can only say, as that gentleman himself did, that he was indeed, although defeated, a good man. With regard to the late gallant English champion, Tom Sayers, the writer will be surprised to learn that the little English hero forfeited to Mace twice. As we show in an hour's time in Cooke's circus, I must come to a stop, but am happy to say that our return has exceeded all former successes, that we have constant engagements, and making return visits, and that on Saturday week last, at the Waverly Market, Edinboro, a greater crowd witnessed the sparring entertainment of Mace than ever paid in the Madison Square Garden. With respectful compliments to you all, yours truly,

HARRY MONTAGUE,  
The European Agent.

THERE appears to be quite a controversy over the collar and elbow wrestling championship, and four famous trippers are now eager to wear the title. It will be remembered that H. M. Dufur and John McMahon wrestled for that title at Boston, on Dec. 13, when McMahon agreed to withdraw, being out of condition, providing Dufur would consent to post \$100 forfeit and arrange a new match for \$1,000 and the championship, and that all bets be declared off. Dufur accepted, so McMahon claims, and Wm. J. Mahoney, the referee, awarded the match and stakes to Dufur, and declared all bets off. According to the conditions each posted \$100 forfeit to wrestle for \$1,000 a side and the championship, and they agreed to meet at Boston, on Dec. 26, to arrange a match. In the meantime, Col. J. H. McLaughlin, of Detroit, had challenged the winner to wrestle for the title, but he failed to post a forfeit with the official stakeholder, while McMahon had posted a forfeit and complied with the "Police Gazette" rules. Dufur was then in a quandary, and he did not know, or at least he pretended that he did not, whether he was compelled to wrestle McMahon first or McLaughlin. The question was left to Richard K. Fox to settle, and after careful consideration he decided that Dufur must meet McMahon and contend for the championship before he accepted McLaughlin's challenge. If McLaughlin had issued a regular challenge and posted a forfeit before Dec. 13, the day McMahon and Dufur wrestled, then McLaughlin would have had the first claim on Dufur, but McLaughlin did not send his money and challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE office until Dec. 24, and it was just eleven days behind, as McMahon had posted \$100 and agreed to wrestle Dufur again on Dec. 13. On receipt of McLaughlin's letter and forfeit, Richard K. Fox notified him that his challenge was void, as Dufur was bound by the "Police Gazette" rules to wrestle McMahon, and advised him to await the result and challenge the winner. McMahon and Dufur met at Boston, on Dec. 26, and signed articles of agreement to wrestle best two in three falls, collar-and-elbow, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side, open to \$1,000 a side, and the championship of America. The match is to be decided in seven weeks. Now, if McLaughlin, or any other wrestler, desires to wrestle the winner of the forthcoming match, it will be necessary for them to send a forfeit of \$50 to the POLICE GAZETTE office, and a challenge, and the first regular challenge received will have the preference.

THERE was a large crowd of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Dec. 28, to witness the arrangement of a novel wrestling match between Edwin Bibby, the famous catch-as-catch-can wrestler, and Matsada Sorakichi, the champion wrestler of Japan. Bibby and his backer, Tommy Ray, were early on hand, and although the Japanese champion was not present, his backer, Philip H. Kirby, lost no time in agreeing to the terms proposed by Bibby. After a long discussion Kirby posted \$100 for the Japanese, and Ray posted \$100 for Bibby, to wrestle for \$500 a side. The following are the articles of agreement that are to govern the contest:

Articles of Agreement, entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office this twenty-eighth day of December, 1883, between Matsada Sorakichi, the champion wrestler of Japan, and Edwin Bibby, of Jersey City.

The said Matsada Sorakichi and the said Edwin Bibby do hereby agree to wrestle according to the "Police Gazette" rules of catch-as-catch-can wrestling, best two in three falls, by which the said Matsada Sorakichi and the said Edwin Bibby do hereby mutually agree to be bound.

The said match shall be for the sum of five hundred (\$500) dollars a side, and shall be decided in a hall in New York city, between Jan. 9 and 14, 1884. The men to be in the ring between the hours of 8 P. M. and 8:30 P. M.; the man absent to forfeit the stake money. The expenses of the hall to be borne mutually, share and share alike.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred dollars a side is now deposited with Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who shall be final stakeholder. The remaining deposits shall be deposited as follows: Second deposit of two hundred dollars a side shall be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1884. The third and final deposit of two hundred dollars a side shall be posted with Richard K. Fox on Tuesday, Jan. 8, 1884, between the hours of 2 and 3 P. M.

The said deposits must not be put up later than the hours aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down.

It is also agreed that Wm. E. Harding, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, shall be referee, and decide all questions in dispute.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names.

Witnesses: PHIL. H. KIRBY,

For Matsada Sorakichi.

THOMAS RAY,

For Edwin Bibby.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Matsada Sorakichi is a native of Tokio, Japan, stands 5 ft 7 in in height, weighs 175 lbs, is a strong, well-developed muscular athlete, and has figured in over fifty matches. Matsada Sorakichi wears a most grotesque costume, and attracts large crowds wherever he appears. Kirby is confident his champion can throw any one. Tommy Ray, Bibby's backer, is also sanguine, and is willing to back his man to any amount.

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THE WAY THEY DO THINGS IN THE WILD WEST.

THE COOL AND DELIBERATE MANNER IN WHICH A BAND OF MASKED BURGLARS GUTTED A STORE AT STEVENSVILLE, MISSOULA CO., MONTANA TERRITORY.



A NOVEL EXECUTION.

THE CARRYING OUT OF THE DEATH SENTENCE UPON LEVI JAMES, A CHOCTAW INDIAN, FOR THE MURDER OF JAMES FULSON, AT THE BUCK CREEK COURT HOUSE, INDIAN TERRITORY, ON DECEMBER 13, 1883.

[From a Sketch by a "Police Gazette" Special Artist.]